THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

August, 1802.

MRS. GLOVER.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

MRS. Glover, formerly Miss Betterton, was born in Ireland, in the year 1779; and as her father, Mr. Betterton, of Covent-Garden, was then the Manager of the Newry Company, she had an early opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the theatrical profession.

The reputation which she acquired at Bath, where she made her *debut* at the age of fourteen, and performed the principal characters in tragedy and comedy, obtained for herself, and her father, a very advantageous engagement on the Covent-Garden boards. Her *entrée* on them took place on the 12th of October, 1797, in the character of Elwina, in Miss More's tragedy of Percy. She experienced a very favorable reception, and has, since that period, maintained a distinguished rank in her profession. The Comic Muse appears, however, to have been more propitious to her exertions than Melpomene: and in many of the parts performed by Mrs. Abington, she has displayed a spirit, ease, and discrimination, which place her, at least, on an equality with her competitors for public favor in the line of genteel comedy.

Her person, though rather corpulent, possesses much symmetry, and is not destitute of elegance; her coun-

tenance and voice are pleasing; and her action is, in general, happily "suited to the word."

This lady was married, in 1800, to Mr. Glover, a gentleman of a respectable family at Birmingham.

MEMOIRS OF M. GARNERIN.

M. GARNERIN is a native of Paris, and the son of a pewterer in that capital. His father, though very far from being in opulent circumstances, sent him to the university at an early age; but it cannot be said that he went through any thing like a regular course of studies, as he only remained three years at college, and never entered the class of natural philosophy. It was at the period that the noted Montgolfier first invented and exhibited his balloon, that young Garnerin, more captivated by the new discovery than in love with classical learning, soon conceived the idea of making little balloons for himself, and of letting them out from his chamber windows. The Principal of the college, however, seeing that he totally neglected his studies for the pursuit of such baubles, told him, in the most peremptory manner, that he should either abjure his balloon mania, or quit the seminary. Garnerin preferred the latter; and went home to his father, who was far from being satisfied with his conduct.

When the Revolution broke out, which was soon after his leaving college, he became a volunteer in the Parisian National Guard: and though he proved very attentive to his military avocations, he did not lose sight of his favorite amusement. Not having money sufficient to purchase a balloon himself, he applied to a rich and avaricious person, who bought one for him, and gave him a mere trifle for ascending in it, on condition that he should receive the cash which the public were to pay for admission. Even this proposal was acceded to by Garnerin. His parents, however,

learning

learning that he was on the eve of going up in a balloon, applied to the Mayor of Paris, and conjured him to prevent their son from exposing himself to such imminent danger. But the Magistrate (it was the unfortunate Bailli) refused to interfere; saying, that the business was not within the sphere of his jurisdiction. The distracted father and mother then waited on General La Fayette, who was Commander in Chief of the Parisian Guard, and begged he would interpose his military authority, and not suffer the giddy youth to ascend. La Fayette acquiesced in the favor they solicited, and sent a file of soldiers to put the young adventurer in confinement. But Garnerin saw the men approach, and guessing what had been their orders, immediately drew his sabre, threatened to run the first person through who should interrupt him, cut the cords which kept the balloon to the ground, and ascended with the utmost velocity, amidst the acclamations of thousands.

When the monster Robespierre filled France with widows and orphans, the Revolutionary Committee of Public Safety deputed Garnerin to the army of the north, then commanded by General Ransonnet. He appeared there in the capacity of Commissioner; and, as he was known to possess a considerable portion of *inflammable matter*, he was invested with extraordinary powers.

His functions called him to Marchiennes, in Flanders, a few days before the Austrians attacked that place and carried it. The Austrian division was under the immediate command of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and Garnerin became a prisoner to the British. He was sent, with the others, about 1600, to Oudenard, whence he deserted about two months after, but was retaken almost immediately. He passed into the hands of the Austrians, was conveyed up the Danube, into Hungary, where he remained till he was exchanged. He complains highly of the French Government, and certainly not without

just cause, for having refused to pay him his arrears during the period of his captivity!

Garnerin is of a small size, and is in his thirty-third year.

SINGULAR CUSTOMS, and REMARKABLE CURIOSITIES of various Kinds, in several Parts of ENGLAND, pointed out.

THE LOE POOL, CORNWALL.

THIS forms one of the most considerable lakes in the county, and is constituted such by a singular operation of nature. The continual rolling of the waves of the British Channel towards the shore, on this part of the coast, forces in a vast quantity of sand and pebbles, which, by constantly accumulating, forms a thick and high bank or dam, extending across the valley from hill to hill; and, by closing the mouth of the channel, occasions the river to spread its waters over a space of ground nearly seven miles in circumference. When the waters extend so far as to obstruct the working of the mills at Helston and Carminowe, the millers apply to the Lord of the Manor, and, presenting him with two leathern purses, each containing three-halfpence, solicit his permission to open the bar. This being granted, workmen are employed by the Mayor of Helston, to cut a passage through the pebbles; and the opening is no sooner made, than the whole body of water rushes through the aperture with wonderful force and impetuosity. Indeed, the conflict between the waves and the river, at these times, constitutes an extraordinary spectacle, and the effect is often visible for six or eight miles from the shore: yet such is the peculiar situation of the place, and force of the rolling surge, that the bar of pebbles is again formed in a few days.

PENTILLY-

PENTILLY-HOUSE, CORNWALL.

Mr. Tilly, once the owner of Pentilly-House, was a celebrated atheist of the last age. He was a man of wit, and had by rote all the ribaldry and commonplace jests against religion and scripture, which are well suited to display pertness and folly, and to unsettle a giddy mind; but are offensive to men of sense, whatever their opinions may be; and are neither intended or adapted to investigate truth. The brilliancy of Mr. Tilly's wit, however, carried him a degree further than we often meet with in the annals of prophaneness. In general, the witty atheist is satisfied with entertaining his *cotemporaries;* but Mr. Tilly wished to have his sprightliness known to *posterity.* With this view, in ridicule of the resurrection, he obliged his executors to place his dead body, in his usual garb, and in his elbow chair, upon the top of a hill, and to arrange on a table before him, bottles, glasses, pipes, and tobacco. In this situation he ordered himself to be immersed in a tower of such dimensions as he prescribed; where he proposed, he said, patiently to await the event. All this was done; and the tower, still enclosing its tenant, remains as a monument of his impiety and prophaneness. The country people shudder as they go near it.

> The fear-struck hind, with superstitious gaze,
> Trembling and pale, th' unhallow'd tomb surveys;
> And half expects, while horror chills his breast,
> To see the spectre of its impious guest.

WOODMANCOTE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

The tything of Woodmancote, in the parish of Dursley, in the county of Gloucestershire, has a very singular custom annexed to it. It lies in the Hundred of Berkeley; and there is a Court-Leet held twice every year for that Hundred, at the town of

Berkeley, distant five miles from Woodmancote. The Tythingman of Woodmancote is constantly chosen at the yearly Court-Baron held in and for the tything; yet this Tythingman is obliged twice a-year to attend the Court-Leet for the Hundred, for the sole purpose of furnishing the Earl of Berkeley (who is Lord of the Hundred) with *a piece of purple leather, about two inches wide, and a yard long*, slit at both ends, and two tags fixed at each end, *to tie his Lordship's writings up:* but has no other business whatever there. This custom, ancient and singular as it is, is still kept up; and on neglect of it, the Tythingman forfeits ten shillings for each offence.

The Constable of Beverstone, near Tetbury, in the same county, (which is likewise in the Hundred of Berkeley,) at every Court-Leet for the Hundred, the moment he is called upon in court, is obliged to advance to the Steward, and falling on one knee, to say, "*God prosper long the noble family of the Berkeleys!*" or on default, to forfeit ten shillings. This custom is of equal antiquity with the former one, and is still observed. As to the Woodmancote custom, no one can clearly account for it; but that of Beverstone is accounted for thus: The manor and castle of Beverstone was some centuries ago given by a Lord Berkeley to one of his daughters, as a marriage portion; which daughter married into the family of the Hicke's, (a descendant of whom is now Lord of Beverstone,) and this custom was reserved as a mark of homage.

A CURIOUS COMBAT.

TWO gentlemen of high birth, the one a Spaniard, and the other a German, having rendered Maximilian II. many great services, they each for recompence demanded his natural daughter, Helena Scharfequinn, in marriage. The prince, who entertained equal respect for them both, could not give either the preference;

preference; and after much delay, he told them, that from the claims they both had to his attention and regard, he could not give his assent for either of them to marry his daughter, and they must decide it by their own power and address; but as he did not wish to risk the loss of either, or both, by suffering them to fight with offensive weapons, he had ordered a large bag to be brought, and he who was successful enough to put his rival in it, should obtain his daughter.

This strange combat between two gentlemen, was in presence of the whole imperial court, and lasted near an hour. At length the Spaniard yielded; and the German, André Eberhard, baron of Tatbert, when he had him in the bag, took him on his back, and placed him at the Emperor's feet, and on the following day he married the beautiful Helena.

THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY's LAP-DOG.

[Continued from page 363, Vol. viii.]

TWO years elapsed, after my master's marriage, without the probability of his enjoying an heir to his estates, when at length he had the happiness of receiving Mr. D—'s assurance, that Mrs. Lambert certainly was with child. This circumstance, which afforded my master so much satisfaction, gave not the slightest gratification to his lady's mind, who rather regretted an event which was likely to break in upon her pleasures; and she looked forward with apprehension to the moment of being confined. Though she anticipated none of those tender sensations at the idea of becoming a mother, which Mr. Lambert fondly expected to perceive, yet she was resolved to avail herself of the privilege of her situation, to acquire an *ascendancy* which no other is able to give. For this purpose, she appeared to have taken an antipathy to my presence, and absolutely seemed to *shudder* whenever

ever I entered her room: in consequence of which, I was committed to the care of the housekeeper, with orders never to be permitted to appear in my mistress's sight. This injunction I felt no inclination to break through, as my master regularly came to see me once or twice in the day; and the housekeeper behaved with so much kindness, that I had no reason to regret the exchange I had made. My mistress, however, was not satisfied with my merely being removed from her presence, for she was determined I should not remain in the house; and for this purpose she pretended to be seized with a nervous affection, though for some time she thought proper to conceal the cause. The physician who attended her, perceiving no particular symptoms of disorder, assured my master, that the disease was entirely on the mind; adding, that ladies in her situation were frequently affected by the most whimsical and childish caprice. The anxious Mr. Lambert eagerly besought her, only to inform him whether she had a single *wish*, or *dislike;* as there was not one thing he would not do to promote her happiness, and restore tranquillity to her agitated mind.

After two hours spent in the tenderest persuasions that could be suggested by a sympathizing mind, he was at length made acquainted with the important secret, and found that it was necessary for her happiness that I should be removed; as she assured him, that she was under continual apprehension, lest I should elude the care of the housekeeper, and gain admission into her room. My master was no sooner made acquainted with the cause of her indisposition, than he ordered his carriage immediately to be prepared; and, taking me in his arms, he directed the coachman to drive as fast as he could to Berkeley-square.

(To be continued.)

OLD

OLD WOMAN.

NO. XLVIII.

TO contemplate the return of peace and amity, and the renewed intercourse between two enlightened and generous nations, must afford heartfelt satisfaction to every mind which is capable of appreciating the advantages of public tranquillity, or which delights in seeing mankind happy, either as individuals or nations. But though we ought to receive these blessings of Providence with gratitude, and to feel due respect to those who have been its instruments in restoring them, it behoves us all to reflect on the novelty of the situation in which we are placed; and it is peculiarly incumbent on the British Ladies to be careful into what associations they enter, and what friendships they form, with those of their own sex in a neighbouring nation.

I am not of such an illiberal disposition, as to deny the rites of hospitality to any person who observes external decency of manners; nor am I so unchristian and uncharitable, as to decline entering into occasional society with those who think and act differently from what I consider to be right; but I hold it my duty to contract no intimacies, and to unite in no friendships, with persons whose moral or religious principles are not founded on the great and immutable basis of Christianity; or who, to my knowledge, use the purest of all religions as a mere cloak, without squaring their conduct by its precepts.

After running through all the shades of opinion, plunging into the gloom of atheism, and groping their way back to a ray of light, in acknowledging one eternal God, we find that the French have at last embraced a kind of luke-warm Christianity, which is evidently rather adopted for political purposes, than through a conviction of its sublime truths. While their

their civil code, indeed, remains in its present state, it is impossible to reconcile its maxims to the divine injunctions of our great Master; and therefore it is not uncandid to conclude, that mere profession will have very little influence on life and conduct.

This being, I am sorry to say it, the real state of the case, our sex cannot be too circumspect in its intercourse with the natives of France, either in our own shires, or on the continent. I am ready to allow, and, as far as my influence and opportunities permit, I will put in practice, a liberal attention, and a courteous reception; but I must warn my fair countrywomen, with the most anxious regard, from adopting fashions, or imbibing principles, inimical to decency, or subversive of morality. It is honorable to our national character, and has exalted that of our late enemies, and perpetual rivals, the French, to receive strangers with kindness, and to show them all the civilities which their situation may require, or our opportunities allow. I would behave with good manners to all, as much from a regard to my own reputation, as to their comfort and satisfaction; but in selecting the objects of my imitation, or the friends of my bosom, I would be guided by a delicate regard to real worth, sound principles, and propriety of behaviour.

Our countrywomen have ever been distinguished for a native modesty and a dignified reserve. Whatever exceptions may be made against individuals for loose or vicious conduct, the predominant character has been cherished and preserved with sedulous care; and English women in general, are not less estimable for the virtues of the heart, than the charms and accomplishments of their persons. I hope, and believe, that they will never forfeit their high reputation, by deviating in reality from the strict line of duty; but if, even in appearance, they lend a sanction to frivolity, to false refinement, or laxity of manners, they will essentially injure themselves, and bring some degree of blame on the whole sex. Let me, therefore, adjure them

them not only to be virtuous at the very core; not only to be decent and correct in their own conducts on every occasion, whether public or private; but to discountenance immorality or levity in others, with whom they may occasionally converse. What we can once bring our minds to bear with, in time we learn to approve; and I need not observe, such is the extreme delicacy of female reputation, that it is injured by the slightest breath, and often lost, while conscious virtue is preserved.

I was led into this train of reflection, by lately falling accidentally into the company of a foreign lady, who, without violating the laws of her country, had changed her husband nearly as often as her governors had changed the constitution of the state. She possessed no inconsiderable share of beauty, many elegant accomplishments, and the easiest and most bewitching address; and I saw with pain, that she was an object of imitation to one part of the sex, and of envy to the other. Her observations were repeated with respect; her dress, her manners, were aped with emulation; and, in the false lustre of her specious perfections, I perceived that her real faults were either concealed or forgotten. Her conduct, as a wife and a mother, was thrown into shade; and those who would have fled from the society of a countrywoman who had been guilty of half her indiscretions and irregularities, as they would from the most infectious disorder, or the most venomous serpent, here saw nothing but qualities to admire, or sentiments to applaud.

But let me ask, are the distinctions of virtue and vice to be lost or obliterated by a difference of language, country, or habits? Are not the great lines of duty indelibly marked? and can they be violated with impunity, by persons of one country, or tolerated by those of another, on the same grounds that false English and bad French are mutually borne with, and respectively employed? Certainly not; and therefore, though, in the common concerns of life, and the in-

terchanges of civility, we should pay a liberal regard to the customs and institutions of other people, we ought never to confound right and wrong; nor suffer our judgments to be biassed by any palliatives, which reason and conscience condemn.

According to the legal provisions of a neighbouring nation, the sacred bond of marriage may be contracted or dissolved with a facility that puts decency to the blush, and outrages the sanctions of civilized society. While these violations of decorum are permitted, and while so little regard is paid to ties which we justly hold so dear, surely it is incumbent on us to be upon our guard, both in word and deed, whenever circumstances bring us into contact with those who are allowed to pursue without infamy, a line of conduct, which we cannot even think of without shame. Liberality, candour, and an enlarged mind, which elevates us above all narrow views, are fascinating sounds, and are frequently employed to cover the insidious design, and to gloss over the most nefarious deed; but let us learn to separate them from all sinister and false interpretations; to regulate our behaviour by the best and the purest models; and, above all, to refer every thing, concerning the propriety of which we entertain a doubt or a fear, to the declared will of Him who is at last to be our judge. The institutions of men may vary; the opinions of one age are frequently superseded by those of another; but the laws of religion are unalterble and eternal.

Adopting this criterion, we shall look with contempt on specious vice; and, animated with a desire to be pleasing in His sight who sees the heart, we shall concede nothing essentially wrong to the mistaken notions of a foolish world; but placing our happiness and our pleasure in the performance of our duty, act from higher motives, and more important considerations, than the prescriptions of fashion, and the arbitrations of human authority.

THE

THE MAN OF INTEGRITY.

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER II.

An Adonis—A Box Lounger—
A Prejudice defeated, and an unlooked-for Calamity.

IN the course of their journey, Harriet endeavored to amuse her friend with a ludicrous description of her own family; and Eliza gave her credit for much wit and ingenuity, except when she satirized too severely the foibles of a mother, an error of which she freely pointed out the impropriety to her volatile cousin. Amongst other things, Harriet said, "I hope Mr Warren will be at home when we arrive." "I thought he was not a favorite of yours," observed Eliza. "Nor is he," replied Harriet; "but I love dearly *introductions*." "Is he handsome?" asked Eliza, carelessly. Harriet laughed: "What a question that for my demure coz! Yes, he is quite an Adonis." No more passed on the subject. It was evening when the chaise stopped at Mr. Franklin's house, in Craven-street. Mrs. Franklin came to the door to receive them; and if Eliza had already conceived an unfavorable idea of her aunt, it was not in the slightest degree removed by her appearance. Her person was coarse and bulky; her face highly colored; though, to do her justice, Nature bestowed the roseate tints, heightened occasionally by a little agreeable refreshment: her voice was loud and shrill, and her choice of expressions agreed little with grammatical arrangement. Eliza was for a moment thunderstruck how *such a woman* ever happened to be her aunt, till she recollected that Martha Twisden had for several years been a clever, careful housekeeper to her uncle, whose early indiscretions had rendered it a point of honor that he should marry her. While this

was passing in her mind, her footsteps followed Harriet into the parlour, where she was affectionately saluted by her uncle; and then, with a sort of mock formality, introduced by Harriet to a fashionable-looking young man, whom she announced to be Mr. Warren. "Is this the Adonis?" thought Eliza, as her eye glanced over his figure: "I see nothing striking in his face or form." Warren possessed, indeed, few dazzling attractions: his eyes and teeth were good, and his countenance was altogether animated and pleasing: he also possessed that gracefulness of manner which is generally acquired by an intercourse with good company. Harriet could hardly suppress her smiles, when she perceived, by the eyes of Eliza, the momentary disappointment her trick had occasioned. Warren bowed respectfully to Eliza, and welcomed Harriet on her return in an easy, friendly way, but said little more the remainder of the evening. Miss Franklin appeared not till supper-time: she was about forty years of age, and her features wore an expression of knowing vulgarity that disgusted Eliza extremely. "Well, my girl," said Mr. Franklin, with a good-humor'd nod, "how do you like the country you was in? I suppose you was unwilling to quit it." "Indeed, papa, I have reason to like it, for I met with every thing kind and agreeable: the country is rich and romantic, abounding with the good things of this world, which the good people of Devon pique themselves much upon enjoying. As for the gentry, they are poor and proud; the second class of people are plain-spoken and hospitable; the *young girls* as gay, and the *old maids* as malevolent, as in London." I assure you, her eye glanced on Mary as she spoke, who returned it with a look of spite. "Really now," said Mrs. Franklin, "Harriet is quite a *towerist!*" "What public amusements had you?" asked Mr. Franklin, coloring at his wife's ignorance, a thing not unusual with him. "Oh, Sir," returned Harriet, "there are tolerable plays: five shilling concerts

concerts now and then; and military balls, where the redcoats dance together, because none of the *unqualified* can be admitted: then we have cards everlastingly, from five-farthing loo too sixpenny whist: but the young ladies have now introduced speculation." Mr. Warren laughed. "I hope they find it answer." "What is the game?" enquired Mary." "Why," said Harriet, "the highest out is the winner, and that frequently happens to be a knave: I wish you would try a hand at it." Harriet's flippancy seemed soon to tire all, except herself; and they each retired to their respective apartments. Eliza easily perceived the injustice of the prejudice she had imbibed against Warren; and, upon further acquaintance, she found him an intelligent and instructive companion. He was naturally of a studious turn; but when released from scholastic occupations, he was frequently cheerful and entertaining: yet in his gayest moments he preserved the strictest decorum of conduct; and even the irregularities incident to youth in his situation and circumstances were governed by every seeming propriety. Eliza one day expressed to Harriet her wonder that she should prefer the frivolous Walpole to a young man so amiable and accomplished. "There now!" cried Harriet; "you are just like papa; he is continually praising this lad, and wishing I had merit enough to win him instead of old Wintertop, who comes prosing after me: but I want no schoolmaster, Warren lectures me enough already." "Which is a proof of his friendship and regard." "No, no, Eliza; you mistake: he is proud, very proud. Why, do you know he has presented Mary and I with tickets for the Westminster Assembly, but never offered to attend us: however, I know a family who are going; and as you have never been to a London ball, you shall have mine; for Mary would die before she would give up the exhibition of her forty year's face." To this good-natured proposal Eliza strongly objected, adding, that it would be rudely breaking Mr.

Warren's arrangement. "Oh, never heed that," cried Harriet; I know him: he would meet us in the room, make a formal bow, hope we found the company agreeable, bow again, make off, and take no further notice of us all the evening; and this, my dear, is pride, mere pride, which is perpetually at war with his goodness. I declare, I often smile to see how sorry he is when he has done a civil thing." I always thought him extremely well bred," observed Eliza. "He is most scrupulously so, which I dislike; for that politeness which is merely the result of studied etiquette is but a poor compliment." By this conversation Eliza discovered that the vanity of Harriet was piqued because Warren paid her no particular attention, and subsequent circumstances confirmed her in that opinion. Mr. Wintertop that day dined with them, and proposed a party to the play. Warren declined; alledging, that he had a friend to meet at five o'clock, but would probably find them in the house. As no places were taken, they repaired to the theatre at an early hour; the party consisting of Mrs. Franklin, Harriet, Eliza, and Wintertop. An almost empty box was opened for them, which they entered; but the first seat was occupied by a youth whose habit displayed the extreme of fashionable undress; his hair was uncombed, his linen tumbled, his boots dirty, and every thing about him denoted carelessness, except the *bronze* on his face, which was put on with great nicety, and could scarcely be distinguished from the healthful glow of manhood. One delicately white hand was employed in picking his teeth, while with the other he beat time to the overture, with a small rattan, upon his boots: he slightly surveyed the group as they entered, but never changed his posture, which was an elegant loll from one end of the bench to the other. They had hardly seated themselves, when Warren entered. "This is an awkward box," said he to Harriet; "why are you not in the front row?" "Oh," said she, loud enough to be heard by the lounger,

lounger, "there is a man keeping places." The beau had not been unnoticed by Warren, who secretly enjoyed this sneer; and Eliza was much astonished when she saw him approach the uncourteous stranger, and slap him on the shoulder, crying, "Why, Sir Tancred, what, in the name of fashion, brought you here at this hour?" "Chain me to the earth," yawned the Baronet, unclosing his eyes, "if I can remember: but I suppose I did not know where I was coming; for I dined at three, to accommodate a country quidnunc of an uncle, who is cursedly rich. Well, he shirked the bottle so as I could not drink. Alone I left him to his nap, and strolled this way. I could call on no one, for all the world is at dinner. But who have you there?" "Prithee rise, and make room, and you shall be informed." Sir Tancred Torpid made an effort, and Warren handed Eliza forward, announcing her to the Baronet. "And this," added he, "is my fair hostess, Miss Harriet Franklin: I think you have seen the lady before." "Faith, it may be so; my memory is very treacherous." "I hope we do not *discommode* the *baron knight*," said Mrs. Franklin, as she took the seat he had just vacated. Sir Tancred stared and gaped, but made no reply. "How cursedly fatiguing it is," said he, addressing Harriet, "not to know what to do with one's self! Dont you think so, Ma'am?" "I do, indeed," she replied: "but you might have filled up the vacuum by sleeping." "No, faith; I tried it, but 'twould'nt do. I did not rise till one." "Monstrous waste of time!" exclaimed Warren. "You enjoy life famously, Torpid." "Curse me," retorted Sir Tancred, "if there is any enjoyment in it. Dressing and undressing, going to bed, and getting up, in constant rotation, eating without relishing, and drinking without tasting, are all the varieties in existence. Oh, a man of understanding must soon be sick of such insipid, fatiguing pursuits." "I grant it," said Eliza, to whom he had last spoken, "to those who know no better

how to employ time, life must indeed be a pitiable burthen." "You have hit it," said Sir Tancred: "my happiest time passed at school; I wish I could be translated back into that enviable period of existence." "It would be to your advantage, upon my soul," said Warren; "for the happiness you so much deplore is only caused by the exertion of the mind." "Curse exertion; I hate exertion. I want no advice, Hal." "Then why complain, Sir Tancred?" asked Harriet. "To have your pity, charming creature." "And you have it, no doubt," observed Warren. This prattle was interrupted by the beginning of the Cabinet; and Eliza listened with rapture to the entrancing notes of Braham, the fascinating strains of Storache, and the full, melodious tones of Incledon. Having never heard an opera, the music of the piece before her afforded her extreme delight; nor withdrew she her attention till the piece was concluded; and Sir Tancred sauntered from the box in search of amusement he could never find. "Have you many such beaus in London, Mr. Warren?" she asked. "Too many who affect such absurdity," he replied. "Apathy is now the badge of high-breeding; yet there are intervals when these listless beings forget their assumed character. At the subscription houses, tavern meetings, and race course, Sir Tancred and his prototypes are all life and spirit; their *non-existent* manners are reserved for the senate-house, the assembly-room, and the theatre: but for all this, Tancred is a good fellow. His father unhappily died too soon, leaving my friend his title and ample estates before he was out of his leading-strings, as one may say. Tancred was my school-fellow, and the best-natured lad among us. Now his faults are merely the result of affected imitation: he has no vices; and though he is not altogether the man I would select for a friend, the attentions I formerly experienced from his parents occasions me still to keep on sociable terms with him." The performance being ended, they returned home.

Harriet

Harriet was in a very ill humour; for which Eliza could account in no other way, than the notice Warren had that evening taken of her; and she had daily further opportunities of observing that his actions were under some restraint in the family. With Mr. Franklin he was ever free and conversible; to Mrs. Franklin polite, yet distant; and Mary seldom attracted the smallest share of his notice. With Harriet he indulged the familiarity of a brother; would sometimes seriously admonish, at others trifle as with a harmless child. This Eliza at first mistook for attachment; but his inattention in public, and the capricious airs of Harriet, soon undeceived her; and she felt pleased at his discourse, though she scarcely knew why. To her, Warren was unreserved and respectful, yet never seemed desirous of being in her company, and cautiously avoided the least shew of preference. Yet Eliza thought him the most interesting young man she had ever beheld, and insensibly began to feel pleasure only in his society; which she, nevertheless, scrupulously concealed from Harriet, but imparted with fullest confidence to Emma, from whom she soon received the following answer:—

To Miss Eliza Franklin, London.

Your letter, my dear Eliza, as it was accompanied by one to your father, I did not read, as usual, to him: indeed, there were some passages in it that might have caused him momentary uneasiness. Perhaps you will think me romantic, when I avow, that I never thought you would marry Howard: but it is easy now to perceive which way your inclinations point; and should the esteem be reciprocal, I know not why any obstacles should arise. I wish well to Howard, he is an excellent man; but my Eliza's felicity is nearest to my heart; and I am happy in being able to afford a proof of Warren's worth, which I know will prove highly satisfactory to my friend.

The

The Rector of Priordale, soon after the death of the amiable Mrs. Warren, mother to *your* Henry, paid his addresses to a young and gay woman, whose fortune, though large, was insufficient to support her extravagance; and, I am sorry to add, that her mind and person are both deformed. She has, however, acquired a complete sway over Mr. Warren, much to the injury of his children, a son and a daughter; and though the fortune of Henry was not diminished in consequence, the daughter was likely to be a material sufferer. My brother George and Miss Warren had long been attached; but the lady's want of fortune was, by my father, considered as a strong objection, and he haughtily forbade the union. Henry Warren, anxious for his sister's happiness, warmly stepped forward, and bestowed on her half his fortune. This generosity incensed the father, and oppressed the grateful heart of his sister; and now every thing is in a fair way for the felicity of the young couple. How few of his age would act so disinterestedly! But now, Eliza, to prepare you for the worst: I have heard hints of some rival in your way; but, before you give way to despair, I will learn the particulars. Howard talks of visiting you in London, if you make a long stay. What is to be done? Herbert begs affectionate remembrance to you. Adieu!

EMMA VILLARS.

This letter, half jest, half earnest, caused Eliza a smile. Her friend, she thought, had been too hasty in her conclusions; and she directly begun a long letter to undeceive her, assuring her, she was not in love! not jealous! yet begged to know all about the country rival, which Emma had playfully hinted at! Meanwhile the evening of the assembly drew near. To the inexpressible chagrin of Mary, a violent irruption in the face obliged her to transfer her ticket to Harriet, who joyfully accepted it. The rooms were filled with tolerable company for a subscription ball; and

and Eliza had soon the satisfaction to see Warren approach her. "Are you provided with a partner, Miss Franklin?" "I am not, Sir," she replied candidly, not thinking he meant to offer himself. "Will you accept of me till you are engaged more to your satisfaction?" Eliza was confused; she hesitated; then said, "Miss Harriet is disengaged; it would afford me greater satisfaction to see her dance: I am afraid to venture in such a large company." Warren bowed, but spoke not. After looking some time earnestly at her, during which she blushed violently, he said, "I never dance, nor appear in public, with Miss Harriet." "Bless me! that is strange," returned Eliza. "Not at all," said he; and bowing again, left her. She thought, by his looks, he was displeased, and secretly regretted her own folly. She soon after saw him conversing with Sir Tancred: they looked towards Harriet; and the Baronet, advancing with tolerable grace, solicited her hand, which she readily bestowed. "Now, Miss Franklin, will you honor me?" demanded Warren. She gave him her hand directly, and joined the dance. "I dare say," he resumed, "you think me an odd creature." "I own," replied Eliza, "I think it extraordinary that you should seek to conceal your partiality for my cousin." "You are wrong, upon my soul," cried Warren. "I think the man, capable of such duplicity as to conceal, through sinister motives, an honorable affection, equally culpable with one who pretends to that which he does not feel. I never wished Miss Harriet to believe me partial; and I am as cautious that she should not suppose any such attachment existing, which is often the case when young people are seen in public together, to the disadvantage of both parties." He spoke with such earnestness, that Eliza could not but believe him, and her spirits rose in consequence. Harriet presently joined them: she declared that Sir Tancred was too lazy to dance, and that she would sit still the remainder of the evening. This determination,

nation, however, she did not keep; for, to their great surprize, Walpole entered the room, and obtained the hand of Harriet for the night. As he led her away, Warren observed, "I congratulate you, Miss Harriet, on a partner you seem to admire. I was a moment before regretting that the gloom of discontent should disfigure your countenance, and obscure those charms which you had so well set off by the most elegant dress I ever beheld you in." Eliza said, when they were gone, "Miss Harriet looks uncommonly well to-night; she has great taste in dress." "Too much so," replied Warren. "Yet you just now complimented her upon it." "She understood the sincerity of that compliment better than you seem to do; for I have often remonstrated against her extravagance in that article. Women act in a very impolitic manner when they dress beyond their sphere of life; and few there are who draw a line of distinction between slatternness and decoration: indeed, those who are most showy abroad, are often the most careless at home. Do not think it flattery, when I say, I admire your style of dressing very much; for *plain* women frequently render themselves ridiculous by profusion of decoration. I know but one lady who, like you, preserves a plain simplicity of apparel, and she has, as yet, been untutored in the school of fashion." This was an unexpected sting to Eliza; it rendered her incapable of giving an answer: but fearing he would penetrate her sentiments by her sudden silence, she said, "but handsome women surely require the assistance of dress still less." "If you will permit me to use an odd simile," said Warren, "I will compare ladies to a library, where we are satisfied to find an elegant binding upon an ill-lettered piece; but can scarcely bear to see much expence lavished upon an indifferent work. Nay, to pursue the metaphor still further, when we seek a closet companion, we chuse neither by the binding nor the type, but should rest our choice upon polished diction, sound sense, and good morals."

Such

Such opinions would have appeared dogmatical in so very young a man, had he ever obtruded them in company; but they were merely drawn out by concurring circumstances, and uttered with a modest firmness, which proved they were his own genuine observations, and not pedantic plagiarisms. Eliza was disposed to hear all he said with partiality, and had a difficult task to school her looks so as not to betray her thoughts. In the course of the evening he asked a few questions about Walpole, which Eliza slightly answered, without deviating from truth.

The morning after the assembly Harriet did not rise to breakfast; and when Eliza descended, she found Mrs. Franklin, with looks of rage, perusing a letter addressed to her cousin by Walpole: it was to inform her that, on his return to his lodgings, he had found an order from his colonel for his immediately rejoining his regiment, and a request that she would let him know when he could see her. "So, Miss," said Mrs. Franklin to Eliza, "this seems to be some spark of your introducing. I will know all about it; he desires his compliments to you, forsooth." Eliza scorned to betray her friend, much as she felt hurt by this ungenerous accusation; and more so, at the grave, disapproving looks of Warren. She therefore referred her aunt entirely to Harriet for information. Harriet, however, was positive, and refused to give them any satisfaction; in consequence of which, the house was in general confusion. Mrs. Franklin threatened to lock her daughter up, if she did not explain. Mr. Franklin tried every persuasion to make Eliza satisfy their enquiries. Mary sneeringly observed, "That no doubt the ladies would keep secrets for each other:" and Warren suddenly grew cold and formal to Eliza; who, thus persecuted, determined to shorten her stay in town. The following day completed their consternation; for at dinner-time Mary appeared with a look full of intelligence: "Her sister was not in her apartment, and had, without doubt, eloped."

eloped." Revilings now fell thick upon Eliza, who vainly protested that she was not an accessary. Every one thought to the contrary; and she was forced to bear the weight of accusations she would rather have died than have merited.

(To be continued.)

SAMBRAC THE INDIAN.

A TALE.

A VIRTUOUS mind may, in a moment when the passions are triumphant, harbour an unworthy sentiment; but when Reason reassumes her sway in the breast replete with native honor, how noble is the atonement! Such was the case with Sambrac the Indian; his heart was the seat of many virtues, and divided in affection between Orra and Hamet. Love softened the impetuous temper of Sambrac, friendship corrected in great measure his ardent passions. Orra, the amiable daughter of a late beloved chief, had listened with satisfaction to the suit of Sambrac, till she found that a similar flame burned in the bosom of Hamet. They were friends and brothers; how then could she shew a preference that might sow the seeds of discord between them? With generous policy she strove to defer her decision till chance might direct the admiration of one to some other object. Delay inflamed the passion of Sambrac; jealous mistrust took full possession of his soul, and he regarded his brother with looks of gloomy suspicion. The oppressed heart of Hamet could ill brook this treatment from the dear companion of his earliest hours. "Oh, my brother," he would cry, "kill me rather with your arrow than with your eyes; for I have lived too long when you begin to hate me." Sambrac threw aside his bow, and rushed into his brother's arms. A

pause of tender emotion succeeded; but the rapid imagination of Sambrac hurried forward a new train of ideas. Starting back, he exclaimed, "What puerile folly this! Let us act as men. Did not our father bid us live but for each other? We have both set our hearts on one object, and which can live to see her in the arms of the other! Let us then destroy this sorceress, who would separate our hearts. Then shall we know no future jealousies, but each will remember with gratitude the noble sacrifice of love to fraternal affection." This plausible address worked on the feelings of Hamet: he was uncertain which was the object beloved by Orra, and her irresolution wounded his pride. He gave his consent to the cruel deed, which the resolute Sambrac was to perpetrate. At her appearance he withdrew, to mix some powder in the drink of which she was to partake. The countenance of Orra was dressed in smiles. When Sambrac returned, she presented a hand to each, and cheerfully joined in the morning song. But what were the emotions of Hamet, when she raised the poisonous beverage to her lips! A momentary impulse directed that he should dash the cup from her hand; but the vigilant eye of Sambrac too powerfully withheld him. When she had finished her draught, she gave the cup to Hamet. In a few minutes her eyes grew dim; a sickly damp crept over her limbs; she sunk on the grass; and while the agonised Hamet supported her with his arm, Sambrac leaned over her with a look of horrible anxiety. "I feel the hand of death is on me," said Orra; "but how to account for this sudden sensation I know not: but, as the hour of my departure draws near, reserve shall end; my preference can now cause no strife. Beloved friends, adieu! Hamet, receive my last sigh; my shade shall often visit you, to give you comfort till the hour when we shall meet again in bliss: my love was ever thine. Sambrac, brother of my beloved, farewell. Hamet, I die." Distraction seized the brain of Hamet; he

threw himself on her cold body, kissed her forehead and cheek, and bathed her with his tears: then rising with a look of calm resignation, he bent his body towards the sun, and turning again to his brother, said, "Sambrac, friendship has had its victim; now for the rights of love. Orra, we shall not long be parted." With these words, he drew forth his knife, and would have pierced his bosom with the deadly weapon. Sambrac arrested his arm; his looks were wild with horror. "What has the infernal fiend tempted me to? Hamet, I alone must die; for the hour has arrived in which my treachery renders a father's mandate void. In innocence alone he willed that we should live together, and I have broke the covenant. Orra is not dead: a wicked design to supplant my brother urged me to this hateful stratagem. The infusion with which she appears to have been poisoned, is a powerful opiate only; and by night I meant to have conveyed her privately far up the island, where I hoped to win her whole affections, and selfishly leave a brother to anguish and despair. Her words have undeceived me: Orra loves you alone. May you with her enjoy the happiness of which the treacherous Sambrac would have deprived you. Embrace me, brother; I kneel to implore your forgiveness: and for ever after let the guilty Sambrac be banished from your memory." In a moment his own hand inflicted a mortal wound, and he expired at the feet of Hamet, who vainly strove to prevent the horrid act: and night drew on before he attempted to remove the body. Returning animation in the body of Orra first roused him from the dreadful lethargy into which he had fallen: he hastened to recal her torpid senses, and bore her from a scene so shocking. Sincere affliction filled their hearts; and the grave of the rash Sambrac was daily visited by the young lovers, who never failed to teach their offspring the sad story of the unfortunate Sambrac, as a means of preserving them from the fatal effects of indulging, even for an instant, a criminal thought.

THE

THE EVILS OF RESERVE IN MARRIAGE.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

BELIEVE me, Mary, that to the security of matrimonial felicity, no quality is more necessary than candour. All reserve, obscurity, or disguise, are productive of indifference, suspicion, or distrust. Let my example convince you of the necessity of perfect candour, and unbounded confidence, in the conjugal union. There should exist such an unity of interest that every pleasure or pain should be common, and all separate enjoyment or suffering is an injury to its sacred rights.

The more exquisite the sensibility, the more tender the attachment, the more poignant the pain inflicted by distrust and suspicion.

My husband was a man of strong understanding, a thoughtful disposition, and tender heart: his temper was reserved and sedate, and he seldom, with his own accord, communicated either his pains or his pleasures, particularly the first; and the most acute mental or bodily suffering would be endured in silence, unless drawn from him by the inquiries of his friends. Yet, to few persons were the soothings of tenderness more acceptable, and there were few whose happiness was more dependant on the assiduities of affection. Such, too, was my disposition; delighting in the sympathies of love, yet withheld from ever seeking them, by an unconquerable diffidence and reserve.

His business kept him almost the whole day from home. His office was in the centre of the city; and, as our residence was at one of its extremities, the walk was long and wearisome. Indignant at all fraud, oppression, or injustice, his mind was perpetually harassed, and his temper fretted, by those iniquities of mankind to which his profession exposed him.

At the approach of evening I would trim my little fire, prepare the tea-table, and wait with impatience

the return of my husband, whom I imagined, glad of a release from labor, would enter with a smiling face, embrace me with tenderness, and in some mode or other express his pleasure.

But, alas! how different was the real from the imaginary scene! He enters, and, throwing himself on a chair, is grave and silent. Mortified and disappointed, I ask not the cause of his silence, but pour out his tea, and hand it to him, with a countenance strongly marked by discontent and gloom. Thus passes the evening, in mutual, though silent, suffering.

You, Mary, instead of awaiting the salutation of your husband, would have hastened to the door at the sound of his footsteps, flown to him with a joy-enlightened countenance, and by tender inquiry would have learned the cause of any gloom which appeared on his face. Affected and pleased by these proofs of your affection, he would have explained to you any disappointment or disturbance that had happened; would have owned he was disgusted and wearied with the injustice he had met with, or the labor he had undergone. These, contrasted with the tranquil and tender pleasures you had prepared, would have endeared him to his home, and have made him forget the evils of society. You would have dissipated his chagrin, his cheerfulness would have returned, the sentiment of gratitude would have been added to love, and your hours would have passed in all the delight of mutual affection. But how different was the effect produced by my conduct! Fatigued, sick, and dejected, my husband had promised himself, that, on his return home, the glad welcome of a tender wife would have compensated for all he had suffered: but, instead of this, he perceived only silence and melancholy. He knew his own feelings were obvious, yet they passed unnoticed. His peace of mind, he concluded, was of too little importance to interest his wife; for, certainly, if she had felt solicitude, there would be some expression of it. Disappointed in his anticipated pleasure,

sure, and offended by such apparent indifference, he was cold and distant in his manner; thus unknowingly increasing the cause of his own dissatisfaction by increasing mine. Had either of us made those inquiries, without which neither of us would speak, or had we candidly owned our suspicions of indifference, the evil would have been remedied. The incidents of each day, by producing some new cause for complaint, increased the difficulty of an explanation. As the cold blasts of winter congeal the flowing stream, so does neglect or indifference still the warm current of affection.

The sun will return and dissolve these icy bands, but each instance of unkindness removes to a greater distance the return of that confidence which alone can restore the warmth of love. Each day distrust increased, and removed the possibility of an explanation.

This reserve extended to the minutest concerns. I remember one day, he brought from market a dish of which he was extremely fond, and ordered it to be dressed in a particular manner. Desirous of pleasing him, I attended to it myself, and thought I should have been amply rewarded for this little trouble, by his satisfaction. When it came on table, I watched him, expecting to hear him praise it, and thank me for my attention. He tasted it, and, without saying a word, pushed it from him, and called for another plate. You will perhaps smile when I tell you, that my eyes filled with tears, and I was so choaked with emotion, that I could not articulate a word. My silence, my emotion, he construed into sullenness and anger. This naturally increased his displeasure. Had I but smiled, had I but spoken one word; or, when the tears flowed down my cheeks, had I allowed him to see them, and explained their source; it would not only have restored his good humour, but, by discovering my fond desire to please, would have excited his tenderness. But this was impossible.

Now you, Mary, would have laughed, rallied him on being so difficult to please, assured him you had done your best, and good-naturedly have promised to have done better next time. He would have thanked you for your endeavour. With such a disposition as his, your desire to gratify him would have fully compensated for the loss of his dinner. How innumerable are the instances I could give you of the pain and the misery produced by this reserve of disposition! How many wakeful nights have I passed, weeping the want of the tenderness and confidence of my husband; while he, restless and disturbed by the evils incident to life, would tax me with cruelty for not inquiring into, and participating his disquietudes.

This reserve, which for years had been increasing, at last became a settled habit. My cheerfulness had entirely deserted me: I went into no company, and I received no visitors. My melancholy became fixed, and the little pleasure my husband found at home induced him to seek it abroad. My tea-table used to wait in vain, no one came to partake of this evening meal. With my arms folded on the table, and my aching head laid on them, I sighed away my solitary hours. That keenness of feeling, which a heart unused to suffering experiences, was blunted by repeated strokes. The alternations of hope and fear gave place to the stagnation of indifference. The effort to please was lost in despair. Too restless to apply to foreign objects, my active mind preyed on itself, and, left at last to perfect solitude, I sunk into an uninterrupted lethargy. I now saw my husband only during our hasty and silent meals: fond of social pleasure, and sprightly discourse, he spent his evenings among those friends to whom his many virtues had endeared him.

Even on the bed of sickness, this mutual reserve and suspicion did not yield place to anxiety and tenderness, and these circumstances only increased the fear which silence inflicted. I was one day by his bed-side, and offered something which was refused.

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It was the manner in which this was done that afflicted me: this manner, however, is indescribable. It seemed to me like an intimation that my attendance was irksome. I might have been mistaken. Pain and sickness might have been the cause. I did not, however, inquire, as at that time I had no doubt, but considered it as the proof of indifference. I was but little in his room: I left to others those attentions which I only should have paid. He never left that room, but there ended a life, many years of which might have been happy, but which were miserable. That sensibility which might have given birth to the purest and most exquisite pleasures, was, from the want of candour and explicitness, changed into an instrument of torture.

The happiest life is not exempt from moments of lassitude, weariness, perplexity, and distraction: Whenever the countenance or manners indicate either, let the friend seek for the cause, and let confidence and plain dealing banish all distrust or suspicion.

N.

PARALLEL BETWEEN REST AND HAPPINESS.

[From the French of the Marchioness of Sillery.]

THE Elysian Fields of the Pagans were doubtless the offspring of a wise and lively imagination: happy spirits, for ever divested of passions and desires, walked and conversed peaceably in groves that were always green. Such the monotonous and tranquil feature of repose, but not of happiness. It is on earth for man to seek repose in default of happiness, which is not to be found there: it is on the earth he must moderate his desires, because nothing can satisfy them; it is, in fact, on the earth that Reason prescribes

scribes him not to love to excess any created object; seeing every passionate attachment, even the most lawful, is but a lasting source to him, of mortal inquietudes, and tormenting pains. It is not, however, in vain, that the Creator has endowed him with this active sensibility, which he is obliged unceasingly to repress. The few moments of lively happiness it affords, gives him, at least, an idea of true felicity: he feels that the faculty of loving can alone produce it: but will it be accomplished by passionately attaching himself to weak and imperfect creatures like himself, together with the frightful certainty of being sooner or later separated from them by death?—and for ever. No, without doubt. To love with ardor, with transport, but without jealousy and inquietude; to find in the object of his love a rare model of perfection; to see him in his greatest glory, and absolute sovereign of all that exists - - - Such is the ravishing and sublime idea of supreme felicity; and such is the eternal hereafter which Religion promises to Virtue.

I. T.

Strand, July 2, 1802.

POLICE AND MANNERS OF THE INHABITANTS OF LISBON.

THE first object that must strike every foreigner on entering Lisbon, is the badness of the police: the filth of the streets lies every where in heaps, which, in the narrow streets where the rain does not wash it away, require great skill in walking, to avoid sinking into them. In one of the most frequented streets on the river leading to the Ribera Nova, there is only a narrow path winding near the houses; and the reader may form an idea of the number of people who daily use it, the gallegos with their very heavy burdens, which a passenger cannot avoid; while the carts

carts pass as near to the houses as possible, that the horses may not go in the deepest part of the mud; and thus all the dirt and filth is blindly splashed upon the passengers, in the worst manner conceivable. As to the night, the city was formerly lighted, but now this practice has ceased; and, as the window-shutters are shut early, there is no light to diminish the darknsss of these dirty, narrow, ill-paved streets. A host of dogs without masters, and living on the public, wander about like hungry wolves; and, still worse than these, an army of banditti. Our friends often expressed their astonishment at our venturing into Portugal in these times of war; but I assured them it was by no means so bold an undertaking, as to go at midnight from Belem to Maravilhas, at the eastern extremity of the town. How can a nation, among whom are a number of enlightened men, bear such an abomination, which degrades Lisbon even below Constantinople?

The amusements of the carnival are always governed by the ruling taste of every nation. Of what then should they consist at Lisbon? Both high and low delight in throwing all kinds of dirt and filth on the passengers, who, in conformity to custom, and to avoid quarrels, must bear it patiently.

The high walls of the quintas in the town, the vacant and deserted grounds, invite to robbery and murder, which are still farther favored by the badness of the police. These crimes are always perpetrated with knives, though all pointed knives are prohibited.

Murders generally arise from revenge or jealousy; robbers are generally contented with threats. The spring is the most dangerous time; and I have known every night marked with some murder. The boldness of the assassins is astonishing. On a fast-day, in a procession in honor of St. Rochus, a man was murdered in open day in the throng, at five o'clock in the afternoon. In the summer of the same year, a man was robbed at noon, between the walls near the Prince

of

of Waldeck's, who was witness to the transaction. The robbers were even so bold as to attack coaches. But the criminals almost always escaped; the compassion of the Portuguese being such, that every one assists him in his flight. They exclaim Coutadinho! or, Alas, poor man! and every thing is done to assist him. The punishment of death is entirely done away, and the culprit is sent to the Indies, or Angola; a punishment which by no means gives the impression of death; though the climates of both are so unwholesome, that destruction is certain.

A great part of these robbers are negroes, of whom there is a greater number here, perhaps, than in any other city of Europe, not excepting London. Many of them get their bread as tradespeople, not unfrequently become good and respectable citizens; and instances occur of their arriving at a high degree of skill as artisans. A larger portion are beggars, thieves, procurers, and procuresses. Every negro who has served his master seven years in Europe is free; and then not unfrequently becomes a beggar, unless he has had a very good master. Great numbers of them are employed as sailors; and I do not see any reason why they are not also enlisted as soldiers: but Mr. Jungk's assertion, that one-fourth of the inhabitants of Lisbon are negroes and creoles, like many other assertions of that author, is much exaggerated.

There is a great number of vagabonds in Lisbon; for all idle people from the provinces come in torrents to the metropolis, and are permitted to live in the open town without impediment: hence arise the immense number of beggars, who partly rove about, and partly remain in fixed places, crying out continually, and promising to mention this or that person to Nossa Senhora in their prayers. A physician might here meet with an uncommon number of remarkable cutaneous disorders: I have often observed a true leprosy, and endeavoured, by observations of this kind, to ren-

der

der myself insensible to the disgust they inspire. These beggars receive a great deal in charity, through a mistaken sense of piety prevalent in Catholic countries. They also often practise artifices to obtain charity. I remember an old man who fell down before us, through hunger, as he afterwards said, and thus immediately obtained from my youthful companion a considerable piece of gold; while I, somewhat colder, remarked his theatrical performance, withheld my charity, examined into the affair, and found my suspicions grounded. Another class of begging is that for souls in purgatory. The religious fraternities, to whom it properly belongs to collect these alms, and to have masses performed in a certain church for that purpose, farm out this employment to certain people, who post themselves in the neighbourhood of this church to beg; for which they generally pay eight milrees annually, and by this contract frequently gain one hundred milrees a-year. Every thing is done in Portugal *pelo amor de Deos e pelas almas;* (for the love of God, and of the souls.) The monasteries send their fruit, usually grapes, to be sold in the streets, as it were, by auction, in order to perform masses for the money. They are cried about the streets as *uvas pelas almas*, (grapes for the souls;) and when the price is asked, the answer is generally considerable. In the *Calzada de Estrella* sat a beggar, who always cried snuff for the souls. Snuff is a great article of necessity for all ranks; for both sexes; for every old man; and, in short, for the whole nation. Nor is it difficult to obtain the partiality of any of the common class of people, if the traveller but offer him a pinch of good snuff. I saw a beggar-woman put some snuff to the nose of her child, who was still in arms. On a botanical excursion near Lisbon, I met a well-dressed lady, who asked me for a pinch of snuff, as she had lost her box; and when I told her that I never used one, she replied, with an expression of the most violent grief, *Estou desesperada;* (I am

quite in despair.) Nor can we blame Alphonso IV. for giving the English soldiers, who had fought so bravely for him at the battle of Ameixial, two pounds of tobacco each. The smoking of tobacco is, however, very uncommon; nor are even cigarros, though so customary in Spain, used by any but sailors.

Both the higher and lower classes are very fond of a profusion of compliments, which flow in a torrent from every mouth. A common peasant meeting another, takes off his hat quite low down, holds him a long while by the hand, inquires after his health and that of his family, and does not fail to add, I am at your commands, and your humble servant, *(Estou a seus ordens, seu criado.)* This is not a remark taken from a single instance, for I have heard it extremely often from ass-drivers, and others of similar classes. The Portuguese language, indeed, even in the mouths of the common people, has naturally something well-bred and elegant; nor do they ever use oaths and indecent expressions, like the English, French, and Spanish low execrations; though the lowest classes, indeed, sometimes mention the devil. All the Portuguese are naturally talkative, and sometimes very insipid. The rich are said to conceal a false heart beneath a profusion of polite expressions. I have nothing to say in defence of the higher classes; they are as inferior to the Spaniards as the common people excel them. The want of science and taste, which perhaps arises from the total want of works of art in this country; a government which never had wisdom or opportunity to bring into action the nobler passions of mankind; the constant and oppressive neighbourhood of the English, who justly feel their superiority, and the total decay of literature, are, I conceive, the chief causes why the Portuguese nobles are formed of worse materials than any other European nobility.

THE FEMALE MENTOR.

INSTEAD of offering any of my own remarks for the benefit of my young readers, or making any observations upon the peculiar follies of the age, I shall present to their inspection a letter of a correspondent, which I think calculated at once to improve and entertain.

Though seduction is a crime disgraceful to humanity, yet I conceive it less atrocious than an attempt to destroy a young woman's peace, by a constant perseverance in those pointed attentions which are calculated to call forth affection and esteem; but which are too often practised from no other motive than that which *vanity*, or *self-love*, inspires. Although the most artful stratagems are often practised by those abandoned libertines, who consider seduction as an *honor*, rather than a *disgrace*; yet the female who can suffer *argument* to destroy the effect of *principle*, though she deserves her sex's sympathy, forfeits their esteem. But how unpardonable is that man, who, by artful assiduity, tries to obtain that affection he never meant to return! and, to avoid being compelled making any restitution, declares the lady can never accuse him of having made an offer of his hand; and thus, under a mean and contemptible subterfuge, avoids being publicly loaded with disgrace.

To the Female Mentor.

MADAM,

Though I am aware that I can neither derive consolation nor advantage from your judicious observations, or your mentorial advice, yet, as I think my own sex may be cautioned against receiving unmeaning assiduities, I think it a duty incumbent on me to write.

My father was an eminent merchant in the City, whose family thought themselves degraded by his hav-

ing embarked in trade; but as he felt that *pride* and *poverty* were rather troublesome companions, he resolved to follow the council of a friend, who offered to give him a share in a mercantile concern, on condition of his taking the active part. In less than nine years, in this situation, my father amassed a fortune of twenty thousand pounds; and, at the end of that period, had his happiness completed, by receiving the hand of the daughter of his valuable friend. Had my mother been deficient both in fortune and attractions, her merits and accomplishments must have insured her esteem; but when wealth, and superior charms, were added to those perfections, she at once constituted my father's felicity and pride. As *I* was the only pledge of their affection, I was at once the cement of their tenderness, and the object of their care; and my education was conducted upon that plan of liberality, which was at once calculated to inform and expand my mind. Though I should blush at being thought a *self-panegyrist*, yet I trust their kindness was not misapplied; for I endeavoured to profit by those advantages parental fondness bestowed upon me, without feeling inflated by vanity, or made arrogant by pride.

My father, unfortunately, had always been fond of speculation; yet, whilst my grandfather was living, he could not possibly venture too far: but soon after his decease, he indulged this propensity until he had materially injured his affairs. Shocked at finding he had impoverished those whom he was only anxious to render more affluent, he adventurously resolved to put his all at stake, and embarked in a concern which, had it answered his expectation, every loss he had suffered would have been amply repaid. Fortune, however, again proved *unpropitious;* for, from the unprincipled conduct of his partner, he was deeply involved in debt; and, as he absconded with a large sum, my father became responsible for every bill this ungenerous man had thought proper to accept on the partnership account.

Unable

Unable to support this accumulation of misery, it produced the most alarming effect upon his health; and in less than two months after the discovery of the extent of his misfortunes, they were terminated by the fatal stroke of death. Though my mother was aware that my beloved father's fortune had been injured, yet she had no idea that his affairs were in so deranged a state; for three hundred a-year jointure was all we had left to exist upon, after having lived in a style that might truly be termed great. The loss of fortune she could have sustained with a heroic kind of fortitude; but the loss of a husband, so completely amiable, she felt as most severe: and I began to apprehend I should have the double misfortune of weeping over two indulgent parents' bier. Time, however, which subdues the most poignant affliction, meliorated that which she endured into a resigned state; and about twelve months after the death of my father, I had the happiness of seeing that she was reconciled to her fate.

Immediately after our irreparable misfortune, my mother retired to a small cottage, about eighty miles from town; and I then found the real benefit of those different accomplishments which the indulgence of my parents had so liberally procured. It is true, we were visited by the neighbouring families; but it was absolute seclusion, when compared to the life we had led: but the resources which were derived from an excellent education, prevented me from feeling dissatisfied with this total change of scene.

About a mile and a half from our humble habitation arose a most magnificent and Gothic seat, which belonged to a maiden lady of the name of Lancaster, and was to devolve to a favorite nephew at her death. Though this young man did not constantly reside at the Castle, much the greater part of his time was spent there: and as his aunt appeared anxious to be on terms of intimacy with my mother, Mr. Lancaster and myself of course frequently met. As my father

had always been peculiarly nice in his acquaintance, the society I had mixed with had been of the most select kind; yet never had I seen manners so elegant as Mr. Lancaster's, united with a form so graceful, or so enlightened a mind. His attentions to my mother were at once tender and respectful; and he could not have appeared more solicitous to preserve her health, had he really been her son: and when he addressed me, there was a degree of embarrassment in his manner, which I considered as the effect of the delicacy of his love. My mother, soon after the commencement of our intimacy, unfortunately sprained her ancle; and, through the injudicious management of her surgeon, was several weeks confined to her room: and during that period, Mrs. Lancaster insisted upon my never passing two days together at home. As my dear parent's health was not injured by the accident, she likewise objected to my being confined; and I soon found that the tender assiduities of Mr. Lancaster made an indelible impression upon my mind. It was not that he made a positive declaration of his attachment; yet by a thousand indirect methods did he give me an assurance of his regard; and his amiable aunt frequently told me, that her nephew's only hope of happiness was in obtaining my hand. "But, my dearest Emma," she would add, "his mind is so *delicate*, that he will not make you the proposal, until he is convinced he shall not be refused." Though I could not make any reply to these kind of observations, yet my countenance must have expressed the delight they conveyed; and I felt more flattered by the delicate proofs I received of my lover's affection, than I should have been by the warmest protestations he could have made. As I never even concealed a single thought from my beloved mother, I always repeated those conversations to her which were calculated to convince me of his regard: and, after some months had passed in this confidential kind of intercourse, she began to think that,

that, in suffering it, she had been extremely to blame, and resolved, the next time she had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Lancaster, to inform her, that she should forbid her nephew's visits, unless he declared his designs.

This plan, however, my mother was prevented from putting in execution, by my receiving the following note from Mr. Lancaster, about ten o'clock that night, which, though it could not be said to contain a proposal of marriage, yet gave me every reason to suppose I was the object of his choice.

To Miss C——

Though I have this moment heard the melancholy intelligence, that my father is absolutely lying at the point of death, yet I cannot leave a spot where I have enjoyed so much felicity, without offering my ardent wishes for the happiness of *her* whom I consider as its *source*; and telling her, that I shall not enjoy one moment's tranquillity until I have the felicity of seeing her again. To your amiable mother I intreat you to offer my most respectful remembrance. And assure yourself, my dear Miss C—— that

I am, with every sentiment of gratitude,
Your ever faithful and attached friend,
HENRY LANCASTER.

This letter completely satisfied the mind of my beloved mother, that Mr. Lancaster was certainly honorable in his views; and the next morning we received a visit from his worthy relation, who more than corroborated every thing he had said. A few days informed us of the death of Sir Robert Lancaster; in consequence of which, both the title and estates devolved to his son: and my heart bounded with delight, when his aunt informed me, that, in the course of a month, it was his intention to return. Months, however, elapsed in this cruel expectation, without his even sending Mrs. Lancaster a line, who, during that interim, had frequently written to him,

condemning his conduct as both *treacherous* and *mean*. For my part, I placed so much confidence in his attachment, that I could only fancy he was dangerously ill; and that, from the fear of creating a pang in my bosom, he had given orders to his servants to have his indisposition concealed. My mother, however, who was better acquainted with the duplicity which too often directs the actions of the sex, endeavored to convince me, that I ought to conquer an attachment for the being who could treat me with such unpardonable neglect. Though her arguments could not convince me of my *lover's infidelity*, yet, alas! I soon received too positive a proof; for in less than four months after his departure from the Castle, I had the misery of reading his marriage in the newspaper. His aunt, I believe, had received an intimation of his *attachment*, if I may so disgrace the word as to apply it where he is concerned; yet, as she had daily opportunities of witnessing my dejection, she had not resolution to tell me that which she knew would increase my pain.

The sudden shock which I received from this unexpected intelligence, produced the most alarming effect upon my health; but I flatter myself, that time, change of scene, and exertion, will tend to restore both my spirits and strength.

I have the honor to be, Madam,
With every sentiment of veneration,
Your obedient humble servant,
EMMA C——

ON THE SCIENCE OF PHYSIOGNOMY.

[From Mr. Fuseli's Advertisement to Hunter's Translation of Lavater's Essays on Physiognomy.]

IT is not the intention of this prefatory address, either to prove the claim of physiognomy to a place among the sciences, to demonstrate its utility,

or

or to enlarge in its praise. The immediate effect of form on every eye; the latent principle which is the basis of that effect, and which inhabits every breast; the influence derived from this impression on conduct and action, in every department of life, are self-evident truths, and need as little to be proved as the existence of smell or taste. If not all, at least the most important part, of what can be said on the subject, is given in the book; and to epitomize what the reader is going to consider in detail, or to attempt improving the author's argument and method, would be as futile as an attempt to "gild refined gold, or to paint the lily."

The mistaken humanity of those who find cruelty lurking amid the researches of the physiognomist, deserves our pity rather than an answer; it refutes itself; the general eye has given a tacit verdict before it pronounces one; it either confirms by proofs what we have felt, or by proofs corrects our feelings: in either case truth gains; and woe to him who, without proof, dares to contradict that on which all are agreed. Besides, when the great principle of human nature, that property which invisibly links every individual, from the most genially favored in organization, to the most neglected or most scantily supplied, to infinity, to the immense power that produced him, if perfectibility be taken into consideration, which allows no one to pronounce, "So far shalt thou go, and no farther," all fears of petulant or noxious abuse of the science must necessarily vanish. If self-love be a more than sufficient counterpoise to humility or despondence, if vanity and hope never forsake their children, what danger can be apprehended from physiognomy? Its verdicts will be shifted from face to face; and there will always be outlets or atoning lines sufficiently wide or soothing in the fatal angles of condemning classes of faces, to let each individual culprit escape, or stand absolved before his own tribunal.

Men,

Men, in their fears, generally confound our science with pathology, distinct from it, though intimately connected: the one estimates power and capacity, the other judges of their produce and application. Whatever relates to habit, whatever arises from the moment of action, the burst of passions, their play on blood and muscles, are, strictly speaking, without the physiognomic sphere, whose true object is the animal at rest. Were man and man as easily discriminated as the lamb and the tiger, the physiognomist's would be an useless science: but since both lamb and tiger may dwell in human frames, he surely deserves our thanks, who points them out to us before we wound the one, or sink beneath the other.

ANECDOTES of CELEBRATED and ECCENTRIC FEMALE CHARACTERS.

Countess of Derby.

THIS heroine was the daughter of Claude de la Tremouille, Duke and Peer of France, by his Duchess, daughter to William Prince of Orange, founder of the Dutch republic. She proved herself worthy of her illustrious parents, by a series of gallant actions. Her defence of Latham-House, in 1644, from February 28th to May the 27th, may be ranked amongst the bravest actions of those unhappy times. She formed her garrison, appointed her officers, and herself commanded in chief during the whole siege, till it was raised by her loyal Lord, by the defeat of the enemy at Bolton. A bomb fell into the room where she and her children were at dinner, and burst without doing any injury. She immediately ordered a sally, beat the foes from their trenches, and took the mortar that was so nearly working her destruction. In the course of the siege she received

a summons to surrender. She caught the spirit of her husband: "Tell, fellow," says she, "the insolent rebel who sent you, that if he presumes to send another summons within these wails, I will cause the messenger to be hanged up at the gates." This is commemorated by a picture on the staircase, representing her ladyship sitting with a letter in her hand, delivering to a fanatical drummer the gallant answer: the last is blindfolded, and dressed in red. An officer of the garrison, in blue, stands by, admiring the heroism of his brave mistress. Her Ladyship retired afterwards to the Earl in the Isle of Man, and continued there till after his unfortunate end, when she was betrayed and imprisoned, and reduced to such distress, as to live on the alms of the impoverished Royalists, till the Restoration, which she survived four years.

Bessie Bell and Mary Gray.

Bessie Bell and Mary Gray were two celebrated beauties of the sixteenth century, whose charms live in the well-known Scottish song beginning—

"O, Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They war twa bonny lasses;
They bigget a bower on yon burn-brae,
And thicket it o'er wi' rashes, &c."

The common tradition respecting these celebrated beauties is the following. In the year 1666, when the plague raged at Perth, the ladies above-mentioned, retiring into solitude to avoid infection, built, on a small streamlet tributary to the Almond, in a sequestered corner called *Burn-brae*, a bower, and lived in it together; till a young man, whom they both tenderly loved, communicated to them the fatal contagion, of which they soon after died.

Mrs. Cornelly,

A woman of great celebrity, was by birth a German, and for many years a public singer in Italy and Germany.

Germany. She came to this country about the year 1760; and, being of an enterprising spirit, possessing a good understanding, great knowledge of mankind, and specious manners, contrived to raise herself into notice; and obtained the patronage of the fashionable world to all the amusements her taste and fancy suggested. For many years her large mansion, (entitled Carlisle-house,) in Soho-square, was the favorite region of amusement among the nobility; and it was so well contrived for diversified amusements, that no other public entertainments could prevail to rival its attractions. The first event that shook her influence was the introduction of an harmonic meeting, as a sort of competition with the Opera-house. The proprietors of the latter were therefore alarmed; they applied to the magistrates to suppress this novel amusement. Sir John Fielding vigorously interfered in their behalf, took Guadini, the chief singer of Carlisle-house, into custody, and effectually put a stop to the whole undertaking. This was a severe blow to Mrs. Cornelly, because she had been at a considerable expence to render the plan, if possible, superior in attraction to the Italian opera: yet, by her concerts, balls, and masquerades, she still made a considerable figure; but her expences were great, and her influence was evidently on the decline, when a fashionable amusement was instituted among the ladies, called *the Coterie*. The blow, however, that finally crushed her was the Pantheon; the beauty and magnificence of which drew away all whose patronage could give sanction to a public entertainment. Her creditors then began to grow clamorous, and she was at length obliged to relinquish the concern, and seek in concealment a refuge from legal prosecution. She remained in obscurity for some time, under the name of Mrs. Smith; but a few years ago she came forward again: and here our readers will no doubt learn with surprise, not unmixed with risibility, the strange transition in her fate; for she who was once a *leader of fashion*,

fashion, became literally the *superintendant of asses!* for she kept a house at Knightsbridge, and was a vender of asses' milk. In this situation, however, she still retained a desire of resuming her former pursuits; and, for this purpose, ornamented a suit of rooms, in order to have occasionally a public *dejeuné* for the people. The manners of the times, however, were changed, and her taste had not adapted itself to the variations of fashion. After much expence in gaudy and frivolous embellishments, she was obliged to abandon the scheme, and seek an asylum from her creditors. She died in the Fleet Prison, August 19, 1797. Such was the fate of the once celebrated Mrs. Cornelly!

SEDUCTION.

A TALE FOUNDED UPON FACT.

IT was at the close of a beautiful evening, at the latter end of September, when the variegated tints of autumn gave a richness to the scene, that I was contemplating the sublimity of the surrounding objects, illuminated by the rays of the declining sun. From admiring these glorious views of Nature, my thoughts imperceptibly turned to the *Author* of her *Charms*, and I emphatically exclaimed, in the words of the immortal Milton, "These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good!"

I was prevented from pursuing the ideas of the Poet, from having my own suddenly recalled from the celestial sphere, by a voice, exclaiming in a tone of supplication, "For God's sake, Sir, assist me to rise." There was something in the tone that appealed strongly to the feelings; and I instantly turned round, to see from whence it came, when I beheld a figure that was formed to excite veneration, stretched under the hedge which divided me from the road. He was attempting to raise himself upon his elbow; and his alpine

pine locks in some degree concealed his intelligent face: but when he looked up, and implored me to assist him, I was struck with the deep marks of anguish every feature displayed.

After having placed him in an erect posture, I put an oaken stick into his hand; and at the same time enquired to what place he was going, and told him my services were much at his command.

"I am going, Sir," said he, in a voice more tremulous from agitation, than from the weight of infirmity and years, "to that bourne from whence no weary traveller was ever yet known to return! and fain would I reach my humble dwelling before my bones are laid in peace."

I easily perceived, by this style of expression, that his mind was sinking under distress; and, without knowing the cause, by the power of sympathy, I felt anxious to remove the affliction from his breast. After a few minutes conversation with the unfortunate stranger, I found that he was upwards of fifteen miles from home; and, after some persuasion, he at length consented to pass the night in my abode.

I have ever found that the softer affections make an instantaneous impression upon the heart; for I have often felt myself interested in the welfare of different characters, from merely having heard their misfortunes described. In the present instance, my sensations carried me beyond this sentiment, for I was interested without being able to assign the reason why; yet there was something so peculiarly attractive in the melancholy cast of his countenance, that my heart involuntarily offered him the tribute of a sigh.

After supporting him to my house, (which was about a quarter of a mile distant,) I immediately ordered a bed to be prepared, and supplied him with those cordials which I conceived would be requisite for the purpose of restoring his exhausted strength. As soon as he was in bed, he fell into a profound slumber; and though I desired my servant to stay by

him, I requested he might not be disturbed: but about four o'clock in the morning, he rushed into my chamber, to inform me he believed the stranger had expired.

Upon entering the room, I found the object of my compassion but little superior to what my servant had described; but, however, I soon had the pleasure of finding that, by the assistance of some cordials, the suspended powers of nature seemed to revive: yet a fever succeeded this alarming debility, of so dangerous a nature, as to confine him to his bed; and when he arose, he was not only grateful for my attentions, but, to prevent me from fancying they were ill bestowed, gave me the following history of his life.

"My name, Sir," said he, "is Butler; and though my present appearance bespeaks poverty, once I knew it only by name; but the duplicity of a man on whom I had placed a firm reliance, brought those miseries upon me which I must unceasingly bewail. As my forefathers had always resided upon their patrimonial inheritance, and I was fond of those amusements which the country procured, upon the death of my father, I gave up those prospects which the practice of the *law* had opened to my view, and turned all my thoughts to the cultivating of my property, which I knew by cultivation might be highly improved. My heart, which was naturally *warm*, was formed for friendship; and I felt the impression even when a boy at school; it increased with my growth, seemed a part of my existence, and was not even diminished by the passion of love!

"To have entertained an opinion that my *friend* would have *injured me*, I should have thought a sacrilege to the hallowed name; therefore, when I was requested to accept bills nearly to the amount of my property, I rejoiced in an opportunity of evincing my esteem. Judge then, Sir, what must have been my sensations, when I heard that the companion of my infancy had involved me in distress the most severe;

for the very day I had accepted bills to the amount of some thousands, the treacherous being suddenly disappeared!

"Though I had a sufficient portion of fortitude to have encountered any calamity that had merely been attached to myself, yet, when I considered that the object of my affection was involved in the ruin, I felt absolutely incapable of supporting the distress; and the agonizing sensations which arose from my credulity, produced the most afflicting disease upon my brain. Time, however, united to my Charlotte's attentions, soon restored me to my senses; and in the course of a few weeks I was able to quit my bed. Instead of my beloved Charlotte reproaching me for my credulity, or repining under the loss she was destined to endure, she endeavoured to fortify my mind against dejection, and taught me to meet those misfortunes with *resignation*, which *regret* can never cure.

"As soon as I was completely recovered from my indisposition, the first measure I adopted was to sell my patrimonial estate, and to purchase a small cottage, about fifteen miles distant from your friendly and hospitable retreat. In this abode of industry and contentment, not any thing material occurred for fifteen years. My wife, it is true, sometimes expressed a regret at not being blessed with children; but I endeavoured, by increased tenderness, to supply their place. At the end of that period, to our mutual gratification, my beloved Charlotte's wishes were unexpectedly supplied; and our mutual passion appeared to be strengthened, by the endearing fondness which we reciprocally felt for our child. Our Matilda, Sir, was at once our pride and our felicity, as a more lovely infant never was seen. But why do I mention that which has proved the destruction of my Charlotte's existence, and the total ruin of my peace!

"I have often been astonished at the sentiments of different authors, who have declared, that education has the power of subverting all natural defects; and that

that the youthful mind, under proper cultivation, may be rendered as pliant as the osier twig. My child had the advantage both of *precept* and *example*; yet, alas! neither of these produced the desirable effects: and from the age of nine years, I had the misery of observing, she neither appeared to feel filial affection or respect. At that early period she displayed an excess of vanity, which neither remonstrance or persuasion were able to restrain; and her ill-judging acquaintance would frequently extol that *beauty*, of which unfortunately she was already too vain.

"Sir Charles Dashmore had a seat about three miles from my humble habitation; and at church his lady had frequently seen my child; and being struck by the superiority of her personal attractions, always repeated her admiration whenever they chanced to meet. At length she called one evening at our cottage, and, after framing some slight excuse, told my wife, she was absolutely struck with the charms of her child, and begged she would let her spend a few days at her house. This my dear Charlotte declined, upon the most reasonable foundation; and informed her Ladyship, that, though she was flattered by such a mark of her respect, yet, as her daughter was destined to live in humble retirement, she thought the witnessing scenes of *grandeur* might have a dangerous effect. Lady Dashmore endeavoured to convince her of the folly of such ideas, and assured her, that Matilda was formed to grace any sphere; but finding that she was not inclined to alter her opinion, with some degree of resentment she left the house.

"Matilda unfortunately was present during this conversation, and instantly felt the utmost resentment against my wife, whom she considered as depriving her of those future advantages which Nature had benevolently intended she should receive. Instead of that tender and reciprocal confidence which should always exist between a parent and a child, my daughter considered her mother as an unamiable being, envious of

the flattering marks of Lady Dashmore's esteem. As she increased in years, she increased in beauty; and her happiness consisted merely in the studying a becoming dress; and though she frequently saw how much concern we felt from this propensity, yet she would not sacrifice a new ribband to lessen our distress.

"Though Lady Dashmore had appeared displeased at my wife's refusing to part with Matilda, yet, after her first introduction, she called frequently at our house, and at length brought her son, who was returned from College, to take a friendly cup of tea one summer afternoon. It happened to be my ill-fated girl's birth-day, who had just entered into her sixteenth year; and the moment the young man was made acquainted with the circumstance, he took out his pencil, and wrote some complimentary lines; which, as being the first mark of gallantry that had been offered to Matilda, of course made a strong impression upon her mind. These fatal lines proved but a prelude to a correspondence, that was most secretly observed; for, after Lady Dashmore's departure, in a letter I implored her never more to introduce her fascinating son; yet respectfully intreated her not to be offended at a father's solicitude for the fate of his child. As Matilda seldom went out but under the protection of her mother, very few opportunities occurred for the young people to meet; but as Mr. Dashmore had corrupted the fidelity of my servant, letters between them were regularly exchanged.

"Whilst this unfortunate passion was encouraged by the assistance of my servant, I received an unexpected proposal for my ill-fated child, from a young clergyman who had lately come into possession of a living, whose character was as amiable as his manners were refined. Delighted at the prospect of her forming a connection with a man so generally and deservedly esteemed, I indulged the hope that Mr. Pengrove's attentions would soon be able to excite both her

her gratitude and her love. Contrary, however, to my wishes and expectations, she treated him in a manner that convinced me she would never share his fate; and at length she informed him, that, by persevering in his attentions, he would only excite her unalterable hate. As I had said every thing in my power to recommend Mr. Pengrove, I attempted no farther to biass, or persuade, as I knew that the affections were not to be directed either by the council or the wishes of age.

"Though I had frequently seen Mr. Dashmore lurking about my premises, I had no idea that his object was the ruin of my child, as he was always accoutred in the dress of a sportsman, and generally invited me to share in the amusement I imagined he pursued. His game, however, proved destructive to my happiness; for my Matilda was the bird he was endeavouring to ensnare.

"I will neither wound your feelings, Sir, nor exhaust your patience, by attempting to describe the anguish of mind which both my wife and myself endured upon discovering that this too specious libertine had subverted every virtuous principle in our child. A letter was addressed to her unhappy mother, calculated only to agonize her too deeply tortured heart; for, instead of offering any apology for the disgrace of her conduct, she seemed rather inclined to glory in her shame; and concluded by desiring we would give ourselves no trouble about her, as all our enquiries would certainly prove vain.

"Though the mind of my beloved Charlotte had been superior to those misfortunes which the generality of the sex are not calculated to endure, yet this was a stroke she was not able to encounter, and she sunk under a shock which admitted of no cure. Though every enquiry was made after our ill-fated fugitive, yet, unfortunately, none were attended with success; but my beloved wife besought me, on her death-bed, to endeavour to find her out myself.

"As soon, Sir, as I had recovered from the excess of that affliction, which the loss of an object so beloved had produced, I resolved to fulfil the request she had made, and try to discover the fate of my child. As I knew that London was the resort of indiscretion and adversity, if there was any reason to be assigned why either should remain concealed, I took my place in the stage-coach about three weeks after the burial of my beloved wife. As my plan was to frequent every place of amusement where I thought my deluded girl was likely to be seen, on the night after my arrival I went to the theatre, with a heart agonized by sensations which no language can reveal. I gazed at the multitude with that eager kind of earnestness, that seemed to convey an idea to those around me, that my mind was deranged; and I found it impossible to pay the slightest attention to what was going forward on the stage. At length, after turning my eyes to every part of the theatre, they were suddenly attracted by the loud closing of one of the box doors; and I beheld my lost Matilda seating herself by the side of her seducer, accompanied by several young men of fashion, who seemed attentive to her alone.

"The elegant decorations, which had been purchased by the sacrifice of a gem far richer than any in Golconda's mines, I gazed upon with a mixture of contempt and abhorrence, which may be imagined, but cannot be described. As the play drew near a conclusion, I changed my situation, and placed myself near the box door; but at the same time concealed my face with a handkerchief, to prevent the possibility of my being known."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE

THE CAPTIVE LIBERATED.

A FRAGMENT.

"IT was the gracious intention of Nature to have made thee happy in the enjoyment of freedom, and the society of kindred beings: cruel accident has controuled this dispensation; at once depriving thee of liberty and social bliss. Be mine the heart-felt happiness, by an humble agency, to fulfil the order of Providence—restoring thee to all the entertainments of fellowship and freedom."

Sweet as forgiveness to the doomed and desponding victim, seemed the words of this well-known, angel voice to my soul: they were the accents of mercy, breathed in tenderness and love, and addressed by the amiable Maria to a feathered songster, her little captive.

"Yes, impatient flutterer," continued the lovely moralist, "charming as is thy song which salutes the morning, and calls me from my forgetfulness; grateful as is the expression of thy hovering wings whilst I offer thee food; yet more pleasing will be the reflection to have given thee freedom, and more grateful the joy to have restored thee to the wish of friendship, or the fond expectation of more anxious love."

Go, pretty warbler, wing thy happy flight
To scenes of social joy, and fond delight;
Where Friendship's sacred song shall hail thy wish'd return,
And Love's pure flame with highest radiance burn.
Should surly Winter, in an angry mood,
Refuse thee shelter, or deny thee food,
Return, sweet Robin—here my fost'ring care
Shall find thee shelter, and thy food prepare.

FIRST USE OF MAHOGANY IN ENGLAND.

DOCTOR Gibbons, an eminent physician in the latter end of the last, and beginning of the present, century, had a brother, a West-India Captain, who brought over some planks of this wood as ballast. As the Doctor was then building him a house in King-street, Covent-Garden, his brother thought they might be of service to him: but the carpenters finding the wood too hard for their tools, they were laid aside for a time as useless. Soon after, Mrs. Gibbons wanting a candle-box, the Doctor called on his cabinet-maker (Woollaston, in Long-Acre) to make him one of some wood that lay in his garden. Woollaston also complained that it was too hard. The Doctor said, he must get stronger tools. The candle-box was made and approved; insomuch, that the Doctor then insisted on having a bureau made of the same wood, which was accordingly done; and the fine colour, polish, &c. were so pleasing, that he invited all his friends to come and see it; among them the Duchess of Buckingham. Her Grace begged some of the same wood of Dr. Gibbons, and employed Woollaston to make her a bureau also; on which the fame of mahogany, and of Mr. Woollaston, were much raised, and the wood became into general use.

ANECDOTES.

AT the time when the amazing run of *The Beggars' Opera* took place, the galleries were very vociferous one night in the call out "*Music, Music, Music!*" and observing that no performers appeared in the orchestra to answer their calls, they became more noisy and riotous; so much so, that the Manager desired Hall, who happened to be standing near him, to step forward, and acquaint the audience, that there

was

was no music *previous* to an opera. Hall, proud of the office from his self-conceit, immediately began to adjust himself, and in his peculiar manner walked on. He bowed most consequentially. "*Hear him! Hear him!*" was reiterated. At length silence permitted him to speak. With a variety of pauses, and his natural lisp, he proceeded:—"Ladies and Gentlemen—I am ordered by the Manager—that is—I beg *leave*—to inform you—Ladies and Gentlemen—that—there is—*no music at all* in an Opera." A general burst of laughter ensued; and Hall, after a most submissive bow, strutted off, fully convinced he had executed his commission to the entire satisfaction of the Manager and the public.

When the King of Sweden arrived at Manheim, in November, 1783, he alighted at the city-gate, and walked up to the house where he was to lodge; when calling for the host, he asked for the apartments intended for the King and his suite. Being informed of the price, "You ask too little," said he: "Kings do not come every day to lodge with you." The host replied, "The honor done me by the Monarch fills my heart sufficiently; why should I make him pay more than another?" Some persons, who occupied the first and second floor of the house, were preparing to quit them; which the King perceiving, prevented, saying, that his Majesty had good legs, and could get up to the third story very well. At the same time, the Monarch's retinue arrived, and honest Albert (the host) found, with surprise, that he had been talking to the King in person.

The King went to the play; the host gave a ball, at which were present upwards of 200 persons. The King spoke, with great affability, to the widow of the learned Costervelt, who was present. On his departure, his Majesty made a present to Albert, of a gold watch and chain, besides twenty-four ducats, with leave to put up his picture for his sign.

Lord

LORD Halifax desired to have the three first books of the translation of the Iliad read at his house. Addison, Congreve, and Garth, were present. In four or five places Lord Halifax stopped me very civilly, (says Pope,) and with a speech each time, much of the same kind: "I beg your pardon, Pope; but there is something in that passage that does not quite please me; be so good as to mark the place, and consider it at your leisure: I am sure you can give it a little turn." I told Dr. Garth, that these general and loose observations had laid me under a good deal of difficulty; but he laughed heartily at my embarrassment. "All you need do, (says he,) is to leave the passages just as they are, call on his Lordship two or three months hence, thank him for his kind observations, and then read them to him as altered." This advice was followed. His Lordship appeared extremely pleased with them, and cried out, "Aye, now they are perfectly right; nothing can be better."

A LADY was once asked, "If the King should seize your husband's estate, and make your children beggars, do you think resistance lawful? "We must not," said she, "resist the Lord's anointed." "Suppose," added her friend, "he should invade your husband's rights, might not your husband promote an association for extirpating such a brutal Tarquin?" She answered, "As the whole sin would be the King's, and he is answerable to God only, I do not think my husband could vindicate his honour by violence." "Suppose," continued he, "the King was to order you to go to a meeting." "What," says she, rising in a passion, "to a wicked schismatical meeting!—a presbyterian meeting! I would sooner kill him, if I were to die for it, than he should make me enter the door of a conventicle."

School

School of Arts.

NO. XLIII.

TURKISH MANNER OF MAKING COFFEE.

COFFEE, to be good, must either be ground to an almost impalpable powder, or it must be pounded as the Turks do, in an iron mortar, with a heavy pestle. The Turks first put the coffee dry into the coffee pot, and set it over a very slow fire, or embers, till it is warm, and sends forth a fragrant smell, shaking it often: then from another pot they pour on it boiling water, (or rather water in which the grounds of the last-made coffee had been boiled, and set to become clear:) they then hold it a little longer over the fire, till there is on its top a white froth, like cream; but it must not boil, but only gently rise: it is then poured backwards and forwards, two or three times, from one pot into another, and it soon becomes clear. Some put in a spoonful of cold water, to make it clear sooner; or lay a cloth, dipt in cold water, on the top of the pot. Coffee should be roasted in an open earthen or iron pan, and the slower it is roasted the better. As often as it crackles, it must be taken off the fire. The Turks often roast it in a baker's oven while it is heating.

TO MAKE YEAST IN THE TURKISH MANNER.

TAKE a small tea-cup-full, or wine-glass full, of split or bruised pease; pour on them a pint of boiling water, and set the whole in a vessel all night on the hearth, or any other warm place: the water will have a froth next morning, and will be good yeast. The above quantity will make as much bread as two quartern loaves.

Cabinet

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

FULL DRESSES.

1. Head-dress, pink and white crape, with ostrich feathers of the same. A white muslin dress, with pink sarcenet sleeves, trimmed with lace. Shoes, pink silk.

2. A blue sarcenet dress, with sleeves and stomacher of white sarcenet, trimmed with lace. The head-dress a lace bandeau, with a wreath of convolvolus flowers. White silk gloves.

MORNING DRESSES.

3. A hat and wreath of straw. A dress of yellow muslin, with lace let into the sleeves. A black lace spencer, with a full gathering round the neck, and a frill. The shoes straw-coloured.

4. A lilac muslin dress, with a white muslin cloak. The hat white sarcenet, trimmed with light blue. The gloves and shoes blue.

*** The prevailing colours are pink, lilac, blue, and yellow. The Spanish cloak is universally worn.

Wirgman, Dreſs Maker, Hanover Street, Hanover Square.

3 4

Payne, Milliner, Old Bond Street.

The Apollonian Wreath.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY,

IN AUTUMN, 1801.

HAIL, deadly Autumn, and thy fading leaf,
I love thee, drear and gloomy as thou art;
Not joyful Spring, like thee, can soften grief,
Nor gaudy Summer soothe the aching heart;
But in thy cheerless, solitary bower,
Beneath the varied shade, I love to lie,
When dusky Evening's melancholy hour
With boding clouds obscures the low'ring sky,
And tuneless birds and fading flowers appear
In grief to hang their heads, and mourn the parting year.

'Tis not the gloomy sky, the parting year,
'Tis not the Winter's dreary reign I mourn,
But absent friends—and *one* than life more dear,
And joys departed, never to return!
O gentle Hope, that 'mid Siberia's snows,
Can cheer the wretched exile's lingering year,
And where the sun on curs'd Oppression glows,
Can check the sigh, and wipe the falling tear,
Thy gentle care—thy succour I implore;
O raise thy heavenly voice, and bid me weep no more.

Thou hears't my prayer—I feel thy holy flame—
And future joys in bright succession rise,
And mutual love and friendship—sacred name!
And home and all the blessings that I prize.
Thou, Memory, lendst thy aid, and to my view
Each friend I love, and every scene most dear,
In forms more bright than ever painter drew,
Fresh from thy pencil's magic tint appear.
Roll on, ye lingering hours, that lie between,
Till Truth shall realize, and Virtue bless, the scene.

R.

THE FAIR MANIAC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "PEASANT'S FATE."

ALACK! my sweet ladies*! your anguish I see:
O dry up that tear!—Did you shed it for me?—
D'ye miss the carnation, that bloom'd on my cheek?
The ringlet, that play'd on my shoulder so sleek?—
The blue-bell, that flourish'd so fair in my eye?
And dimples, where Rapture and Innocence lie?
Fear not! tho' my fond heart now flutters and burns,
All *these* will return when my lover returns.

For, you know, I've a lover—but far, far away;
Vast seas roll between us, and wild tempests sway!
Alone, in the wilderness, thoughtful he roves,
Or plucks the gilt citron in India's gay groves:—
O spare him, ye tigers, that crouch in the shade!
Ye serpents, that hiss in the untrodden glade!
He ne'er will prove faithless, wherever he be;
His affections are fix'd—he has fix'd them on me.

Then why did he wander, and leave me behind?—
Inconstant and fickle, as ocean or wind!
Indeed it was cruel to cause me to mourn:—
Why—why should my parents forbid his return!
But softly!—His promise he'll never forget,
When he bade me farewell in the garden so sweet—
Yes—yes! he'll return, and he'll crown me his queen,
With a garland of myrtle and jessamine green.

O dear!

* These stanzas were occasioned by a visit of some of the author's female friends to an unfortunate and beautiful young lady in Bedlam.

O dear! I'm so pale that you know me not now;
The roses are faded that wav'd on my brow,
While the lily alone on my cheek is display'd,
And my heart sinks adown, with its sorrows oe'rweigh'd.
But, ah! I forgot!—Did you ask me my name?
I've *chang'd* it—'Tis LOVELY—Now call me the same.
Poor LOVELY!—Mind that, in the moment of glee,
And check your gay pastimes to think upon me.

Yet, when shall I see your sweet faces again?—
Your LOVELY will shortly be rid of her pain;
Again the carnation shall bloom on her cheek;
The ringlet shall play on her shoulder so sleek;
The blue-bell shall flourish afresh in her eye,
Which tears of young rapture shall amply supply;
And, though her fond bosom now flutters and burns,
You'll all wish her joy when her lover returns!

EPITAPH,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MR. I— C——

Who departed this Life 2d May, 1802, in the 26th Year of his Age.

REFLECTION long shall hover o'er thy urn,
And faithful Friendship boast the pow'r to mourn:
Peace to thy shade! while Truth shall breathe the rest;
Lamented most by those who knew thee best!

JOHN SHEPPARD, JUN.

Dean-street, Southwark.

SONG.

O ASK me not my true-love's name,
Nor where his matchless virtues grew—
Enough for thee, he sought the flame
Where Kleber's raging bullets flew.

Ah, woe to me! my love was brave,
Tho' gentle as the moon-light beam:
Enough for me, I seek his grave
Across yon river's ancient stream.

Traveller, direct my wand'ring way;
To *Acre's* rescu'd turrets guide.
Where gallant *Sidney* won the day,
In bloom of youth, my lover dy'd!

JOVANNA.

EPITAPH ON MATILDA.

[See Lines on THADDEUS and MATILDA, in the Numbers for May and June last]

SACRED to pity is uprais'd this stone,
The humble tribute of a friend unknown;
To grant the beauteous wreck its hallow'd claim,
And add to Mis'ry's scroll another name.
Poor, lost Matilda! now in silence laid
Within the early grave thy sorrows made,
Sleep on!—His heart still holds thy image dear,
Who view'd, thro' life, thy errors with a tear;
Who ne'er, with Stoic apathy, repress'd
The heart-felt sigh for loveliness distress'd.
That sigh for thee shall ne'er forget to heave;
'Tis all he now can give, or thou receive.
When last I saw thee in thy envied bloom,
That promis'd health and joy for years to come,
Methought the lily, Nature proudly gave,
Would never wither in th' untimely grave.
Ah, sad reverse! too soon the fated hour
Saw the dire tempest 'whelm th' expanding flow'r!
Then from thy tongue its music ceas'd to flow;
Thine eye forgot to gleam with aught but woe;
Peace fled thy breast; invincible Despair
Usurp'd her seat, and struck his daggers there.
Did not the unpitying world thy sorrows fly?
And ah, what then was left thee—but *to die!*
Yet not a friend beheld thy parting breath,
Or mingled solace with the pangs of death:
No priest proclaim'd the erring hour forgiv'n,
Or sooth'd thy spirit to its native heav'n:
But heav'n, more bounteous, bade the pilgrim come,
And hov'ring angels hail'd their sister home.
I, where the marble swells not, to rehearse
Thy hapless fate, inscribe my simple verse.
Thy tale, dear shade, my heart essays to tell;
Accept its off'ring, while it heaves—*Farewell!*

8*th July*, 1802. G.

LINES

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG MARRIED LADY,

Accompanied by a Grey Hair.

THOUGH Time's alpine frost is but sparingly spread,
I send you an emblem of care;
'Tis the first *silver cord* I e'er drew from my head,
If such term can be fit for a *hair*.

I send it, Louisa, because I have found
You seem to reject my advice;
Or, in other words, fancy, because you are *bound*,
Of course you are grown *mighty wise*.

But I never yet heard that Hymenial art
Extended so far as the *head*;
And fancy'd the pow'r was confin'd to the *heart*:
At lest, such is the *story* I've read.

Then why, let me ask, should you ever suppose
Your *judgment* is equal to *mine*?
Or why will you ever presume to oppose
My wisdom, by bringing in *thine*?

Does not age and experience both jointly teach?
And yet you will often *reject*
The counsel I offer, and say that I preach:
But now *grey*, I *demand* your respect.

Whenever you gaze at this emblem of age,
Feel convinc'd that your friend must be right;
And a warfare of *words*, my dear girl, never wage,
Lest I should o'erpower you with might.

Yet do not suppose I'd commence an attack,
If I really believ'd you were *weak*;
For though 'tis allow'd I've a much broader back,
The advantage is *your's* when we speak.

You accuse me of wanting to have my own way,
Not caring for *wrong* or for *right*.
If in future you should not approve what I say,
Just look at the *hair* which is *white*:

And, as you behold it, remember that *years*
And *misfortune* are both said to bleach:
And though Time has not *widely* extended his sheers,
A *girl* I am able to teach.

SONNET TO INNOCENCE.

DAUGHTER of Eden, Innocence, all hail!
Nature's first handmaid, agent pure of truth;
Whether thou sports't with maidens of the pail,
Or breath'st unconscious in the voice of youth.

With thee attended, oft, at early day,
I've press'd the meadows and the dewy green;
And cull'd the daisy and the gold-cup gay,
An artless posy for thy breast serene.

'Twas then I lisp'd the downy hours away,
Nor thought of luxury, or tinsel'd joys:
I bless'd the coming and the passing day;
My mind was center'd in my childish toys.
But now another stage my thoughts improve;
The cruel season of Despair and Love.

S***h.

Tooley-street.

SONNET TO EVE.

I.

WHEN the last tints of slow-subsiding day
Melt in the sky, and die upon the view;
When Silence holds around her solemn sway,
And bending flow'rets sip nectarious dew;

II.

Oft let me wander forth, with mind serene,
From 'mid the windings of the deep'ning vale,
To mark the beauties of the fading scene,
And taste the freshness of the passing gale:

III.

And, careless, as I onward steal along,
Let not a thought ambitious dare intrude:
Thou, Contemplation, shalt inspire my song,
And crown the peerless joys of solitude;
Bending each ruder passion of my soul,
And ev'ry wayward wish, to thy controul.

JOHN SHEPPARD, JUN.

Bean-street, Southwark.

CATHARINE.

CATHARINE.

BY WILLIAM HOLLOWAY.

THE moon was up—her lucid light
Slept peaceful on the broad, cool main;
No sweeping cloud, with envious flight,
Drew o'er the skies its vapoury train;

When CATH'RINE, on the silent strand,
In sable weeds, was seen to stray;
And frequent, with her lily hand,
She wip'd the trickling tear away:

For EDMUND, ere his tall brig sail'd,
Had bade his maid forbear to mourn;
And vow'd, if aught his pray'rs avail'd,
To make her blest at his return.

But, since that inauspicious day,
Full many a storm its rage had spent;
And Ocean, with relentless sway,
His thousands to the bottom sent!

Each languid hope had now expir'd,
That long her drooping heart deceiv'd;
And, as each rolling wave retir'd,
In unison her bosom heav'd.

More fresh the breeze began to blow;
The shadowy cliff return'd its sigh;
When, gliding round the point below,
The dark boat caught her ling'ring eye.

Afar, she saw the dipping oar,
Quick glancing to the lunar beam;
And, gaining fast upon the shore,
Beheld the rippling water's gleam.

While, thro' the stillness of the skies,
The clamours of the jovial crew,
In floating strains were heard to rise,
Her EDMUND'S welcome voice she knew.

She flies!—she hails him to the shore!—
Of constancy she claims the meed:
In sable weeds she mourns no more,
But CATH'RINE now is blest indeed!

PATTY.

PATTY.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN Morning first open'd her dew-dripping eye,
And the tapers of Night disappear'd,
While the light curling steams on the blue river lie,
And the mill-wheel at distance is heard,

With her pail on her head, and a-kimbo her arms,
Young PATTY, the pride of the vale,
Unconscious of half her superlative charms,
Trod the meadows, and breath'd the sweet gale.

Each shepherd that pass'd her look'd wistful behind,
Admiring her shape and her air;
The cows hear her call, on their green bed reclin'd,
And rising, to meet her, repair.

The plowman who once shar'd her hand in the dance,
That triumph could never forget;
Each sweet, artless smile, would the favor enhance,
And render the rapture complete!

But PATTY, at length, of her beauty grown vain,
Relinquish'd the vale for the town;
And listen'd to Flatt'ry's mellifluent strain,
Till her peace and her comforts were gone!

Then oft, while the salt tear bedew'd her dark eye,
She reflected on pleasures long past;
Nor shepherd, nor plowman, attended her sigh,
As the moments of youth ran to waste.

O, poor hapless maiden! more blest hadst thou been,
Had Nature but form'd thee less fair,
Or made thee—still bounding each wish to the green,
Some peasant's ambition and care.

SONNET TO HOPE.

CELESTIAL MAID, whose eye serene
Beams through MISFORTUNE'S low'ring shade,
And shews beyond the gloomy scene,
PROSPERITY'S long-wish'd for glade—

Reveal

Reveal the PROSPECT to my sight,
But not illusive as the ray,
The luring VAPOR of the NIGHT,
Which stedfast seems, still flies away.

But let me gain the HAPPY SHORE—
The rugged path which I have trod,
Proves me, the heavy journey o'er,
Deserving of a softer sod.

G L.

LINES

SENT TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

Accompanied by a Pin for a Habit Shirt.

HAD Fortune her favors but amply bestow'd,
No *niggardly* boon had been sent;
But the *gift*, my dear Mary, believe me, had shew'd
The *giver's* design and intent.

But, alas! the false jade the dear bliss has deny'd,
Of *proving* the friendship I feel;
And my coffers, in truth, are so thinly supply'd,
That my wish I can seldom reveal.

In short, I believe, that dame Nature, and her,
Have jointly determin'd to vex;
For the one a large heart has been pleas'd to confer,
Whilst the frowns of the *other* perplex.

Between both these ladies, I constantly find
A warfare eternal within;
And think, without *Fortune*, a liberal mind
Would e'n make an *Alderman* thin.

Yet still I have heard a mere *trifle* will show
A mark of regard and respect;
And therefore I venture, for once, to bestow
A gift you may treat with neglect:

Unless you allow the *design* to convey
Some intrinsic price to your mind;
And then, my dear Mary, you certainly may
Some worth in a *Habit-pin* find.

THE

THE VANITY OF LIFE.

ISAIAH, xliv. 6.—WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF.

BY THE LATE BISHOP HORNE.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd, to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
With a sad and solemn sound:

"Sons of Adam! once in Eden,
"Blighted when like us you fell,
"Hear the lecture we are reading;
"'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

"Virgins! much, too much presuming
"On your boasted white and red,
"View us, late in beauty blooming,
"Number'd now among the dead.

"Griping misers! nightly waking,
"See the end of all your care;
"Fled on wings of your own making,
"We have left our owners bare.

"Sons of honor! fed on praises,
"Fluttering high on fancy'd worth;
"Lo! the fickle air that raises,
"Brings us down to parent earth.

"Learned sophs! in systems jaded,
"Who for new ones daily call;
"Cease, at length by us persuaded,
"Ev'ry leaf must have a fall.

"Youths! tho' yet no losses grieve you,
"Gay in health and manly grace,
"Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
"Summer gives to autumn place.

"Venerable sires! grown hoary,
"Hither turn th' unwilling eye;
"Think, amidst your falling glory,
"Autumn tells a winter nigh.

"Yearly in our course returning,
"Messengers of shortest stay,
"Thus we preach this truth unerring,
"Heaven and earth shall pass away.

"On

" On the tree of Life Eternal,
" Man, let all thy hopes be staid;
" Which alone, FOR EVER VERNAL,
" Bears a leaf that ne'er shall fade."

TO A FLY,

WHO DESTROYED ITSELF BY ENTERING A LADY'S EYE.

GIDDY trifler, cease thy strife,
Turn thy wing, and save thy life:
Shouldst thou enter Clara's eye,
That might suffer, thou must die.

Is a summer's day too long
For thee to live thy tribes among?
Is there not, in all the air,
Room enough, and room to spare?

Wilt thou buzz about her still?
Silly creature, take thy will;
And warn all triflers, as you die,
What dangers lurk in Clara's eye.

LEUMAS.

VERSES,

Supposed to be written in the fifteenth century, by the Duke of Clarence, brother to King Edward the Fourth, of the House of York, to Lady Eliza Beauchamp, daughter to the Duke of Somerset, a staunch adherent to the House of Lancaster.

The verses were sent to the lady accompanied with a present of a white rose, the insignia of the York faction.

IF this fair rose offend thy sight,
Plac'd on thy bosom bare,
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn *Lancastrian* there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,
As kiss it thou may'st deign,
With envy pale, 'twill lose its die,
And *Yorkist* turn again.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

CHARADE I.—Star-ling.
——— II.—Wag-gon.

CHARADE,

ADDRESSED TO A LADY BY HER LOVER.

WOULD Amanda, the pride of the plain,
My First condescend but to prove,
Her fondly attach'd, grateful swain,
Would devote ev'ry hour to his love.

To purchase a joy so refin'd,
My Second he'd willingly be;
For who a disgrace could e'er find,
In attending what's valued by thee?

With what bliss shall I hear you declare,
That my First you'll no longer refuse;
Then my Whole takes you under his care,
To protect, to adore, and amuse.

Correspondence, &c.

L. E. T. *has our thanks for his information.*

Our Correspondent, Theatricus, *is informed, that the Account of* Public Amusements *will re-commence on the opening of the winter theatres.*

The Acrostic, signed T. H. *is too imperfect for publication.*

Engraved by Mackenzie from an original drawing

Madame Recamier.

Published by Vernor & Hood, Poultry. Sept.r 1, 1802.